

"ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST"

by

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The Bryna Company

First Draft

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FADE IN:

INT. WIDE-ANGLE LENS SHOT MENTAL HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

The walls are spotless, freshly painted, yet something ancient lurks in their texture. Cracks in the plaster. Bent and distorted by the wide-angle lens, a string of naked, glowing light bulbs set in the ceiling point the way, like guides to hopelessness, to the distant padded entry door of the ward at the end of the hall. On the left, closed doors to offices. On the right, the bleak, gray light of dawning wintry morning seeps through cloistral, iron-barred windows. As with all of the windows throughout the play, we see nothing beyond them except for a chalky, swirling fog, suggesting a feeling of isolation; suggesting withdrawal; suggesting the hospital as a microcosmic universe, a totally closed-in system from which escape is not only impossible, but imponderable. Nothing stirs. The only sound is of some LIQUID, now-and-then TRICKLING, now-and-then DRIPPING onto plastic. The sound persists through:

INT. HIGH FULL SHOT DAY ROOM - DAY

The room is spacious and doorless, opening directly out onto the south corridor. In the center of the opening is the Nurse's Station, an ample, hemispheric booth that is largely glass through which the Charge Nurse can keep the room under surveillance. To the side of the booth is a large section of sliding glass which creates a window for the dispensing of medication to the patients. There is also a glass door in the flat, back section of the booth, which abuts the confluence of three corridors: the north corridor whose terminus is the ward entry door; the east corridor, which leads to the dormitory; and the south corridor, whose terminus is the dining room. The Day Room itself is sterile, with a remorseless absence of refuge interrupted, as disclosed in several ANGLES, by plastic-coated chairs; a magazine rack; bulletin board; a large, round table in the center; one or two card tables; a games cabinet; a Christmas tree; and, open and mounted on a pedestal, the patients' "Log Book." There are sound speakers set in the ceiling, and, again, barred windows through which we see only the murky fog.

CLOSE AT LOG BOOK

disclosing, amid a mass of notations in various handwritings: "Fredericks took Sefelt's medication again and Martoni said something at dinner about wanting to lay his sister when he was a ..." It continues, but this is all we see of it.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

A desk, telephone, drug cabinet, microphone and tape recorder,

the latter feeding into the speakers in the Day Room. Mounted in front of the desk is an array of switches and dials whose manipulation permits the Charge Nurse to monitor lights, sound and TV in the Day Room. At the moment, the CAMERA ANGLE is such as to include the Charge Nurse's view of the Day Room. We still HEAR the DRIPPING, which persists through:

INT. HALL AT PARTLY OPEN DOOR TO ELECTRO-SHOCK ROOM - DAY

The door is massive, padded lead, hemmed with rivets. Within, we glimpse a white-sheeted medical table, wiring, restraining straps, and knobbed, black control bank. The DRIPPING SOUND persists through:

INT. FULL HIGH SHOT PATIENTS' DINING ROOM - DAY

A long, communal dining table covered with a plastic cloth. An elderly, frail, white-haired Negro KITCHEN ATTENDANT slowly and soundlessly pours orange juice from a carafe into one of the small glasses at each place setting. Four or five glasses have been filled. Hand-lettered dietary instruction cards sit on tiny plastic tripods in back of the plates.

CLOSE AT CARD READING: "HARDING: REGULAR"

CLOSE AT CARD READING: "BLASTIC: MECHANICAL-SOFT/PRECHEWED"

INT. FULL SHOT PATIENTS' LATRINE - DAY

Still the DRIPPING. The ANGLE discloses that the toilet stalls are doorless.

INT. HIGH FULL SHOT INMATES' DORMITORY - DAY

The gray, murky fog caulks up the massive, barred cathedral windows, and the TRICKLING, DRIPPING SOUND is now LOUDER. Below, the double row of beds and sleeping INMATES seems to stretch endlessly into despair. Nothing moves. Nightstands; photos; a plastic Jesus. Wheelchairs, waiting, crouch by the beds of the feeble and disabled. Rumpled, tossed blankets; thin legs dangling over the edges of beds, give intimation that in this room very few sleep dreamless. The large double doors at the front of the dormitory are open, and from the back a deformed, small Christmas tree makes glittering, empty promises to the sleepers. In RAPID CUTS, grotesquely angled and further distorted by the WIDE-ANGLE LENS, we look closer:

AT JULES

Sleeping; mid-fifties, elfish and balding.

AT BILLY BIBBIT

Sleeping; thirty, though you read him for twenty; thumb in his mouth.

AT MARTONI
Italianate; late thirties; he is sleeping with his head at the foot of the bed.

AT EMPTY WHEELCHAIR
A large, dark stain in the seat.

AT FREDERICKS AND SEFELT
Their beds pulled close together, they sleep facing each other. Sefelt is about forty. Fredericks, a Negro, is about thirty, has sensitive features.

AT CHRISTMAS TREE

AT HARDING THROUGH BRANCHES OF TREE
Mid-forties, his bed is at the end of his row, closest to the tree. He is awake, lying on his side, staring unblinkingly at an ornament on the tree, his eyes moist with tears.

CLOSE AT CHRIST-CHILD ORNAMENT ON TREE

SIDE ANGLE AT BLASTIC
A toothless ancient, Blastic is wrinkles, wires and gums. A quick beat after we come upon him, he slyly opens one eye, glaring balefully into CAMERA: then, as he shifts his gaze to the right, CAMERA PANS and TILTS right, disclosing the catheter tube running down the old man's exposed leg into the plastic bag taped to his ankle. It is the source of the DRIPPING, TRICKLING SOUND and is clearly stamped: "DISPOSABLE: NOT TO BE REUSED."

INT. UTILITY-WASHROOM - DAY

WILLIE, a boyish, slight Negro aide is dipping a catheter bag into a basin of sudsy water, rinsing it in an adjoining basin filled with clear water, then setting it on a stack of others already similarly treated, the ANGLE finally CLOSE enough to identify the bags as the type marked "DISPOSABLE - NOT TO BE REUSED." As Willie performs his office, he softly sings from "Cloudy," his youthful voice cracking:

WILLIE
"Hey, sunshiiiiiiinne! Ah haven't
seen you in a lonnnnnnnng tiiiiiiiime.
It -- "

INT. FULL DOWN SHOT DORMITORY - DAY

Blastic has serpentined out of bed and to the floor, and now crawls laboriously down the aisle between the beds, finally disappearing from view as he wriggles around the far side of Harding's bed.

LOW SIDE ANGLE HARDING'S BED

Harding is still on his side, back to CAMERA, when suddenly Blastic appears, laboriously hauling himself up into view, eyes gleaming madly, babbling in a hoarse and frenzied whisper:

BLASTIC

Father, I want you to hear my confession!
I killed my wife! I stole two plums!
I've had impure thoughts a hundred t----!

Blastic abruptly halts, as Harding has rolled over quickly toward CAMERA and clamped a pillow tightly over his head with both hands to block out the words. Blastic makes a fist, jerking it spasmodically in the air in rage and frustration.

INT. CORRIDOR - LS AT WARD ENTRY DOOR - DAY

The overhead lights puff out. A beat. Then a signal light above the ward entry door glows red, accompanied by a brief, barely audible SOUND of a BUZZER.

INT. FULL DOWN SHOT DORMITORY - DAY

Blastic is clambering up into his wheelchair, then propels it forward into the aisle, where he whips it around toward Harding, whose back is to Blastic again, pillow still over his head.

FULL SHOT BLASTIC

staring at Harding with spiteful hatred.

FULL DOWN SHOT

as Blastic whirls the wheelchair front and propels himself toward the doors with surprising speed and agility.

INT. SOUTH WING CORRIDOR - DAY

In a LONG SHOT, two Negro Aides, WARREN and WILLIAMS, emerge from a side utility room and head toward CAMERA. In their starched immaculate white uniforms, they move lithely, silently, in tandem, like splendid black panthers. They are of average height, but Williams exudes an aura of rippling physical power. Both are usually expressionless, and tend to stare smokily from underneath heavy, hooded lids.

INT. WEST WING CORRIDOR HIGH SHOT AT DORM DOORS - DAY

Blastic whooshes out. As he passes through CAMERA POV:

REAR ANGLE BLASTIC

Almost to the confluence of corridors, he abruptly whips his chair to the right and nose-dives into a shallow, foot-deep alcove, crouching his head forward into shadow and "hiding" ostrichlike as Warren and Williams come into view from the

south corridor, instantly freezing, staring at Blastic. They turn to eye each other mutely, then look back at Blastic. Williams carries a large, circular key ring to which is attached a single key. Their tones are muted as:

WILLIAMS

You see anybody, Warren?

WARREN

Don't see no one. No one at all.

WILLIAMS

Ah lays mah eyes on that ol' fart Blastic outta his bed befoh the bell ring, ah's gonna boil his ass in Clorox 'n hang 'im upside-down tuh dry.

SIDE ANGLE BLASTIC IN WHEELCHAIR

His head is hidden in the alcove, but his body is visibly quivering as:

WARREN (O.S.)

Ah don' see no one.

WILLIAMS (O.S.)

Nope. Me neither.

HIGH REAR SHOT WARREN AND WILLIAMS

moving toward entry door with Blastic visible in SHOT.

WARREN

He da sly one, dat ol' man. He could hide in yoh mouth while you was chewin.

SIDE ANGLE BLASTIC

as he withdraws his head from alcove and looks after the retreating aides (and CAMERA), his eyes aglitter with incredible craftiness and mortal sin triumphant. During this, the entry door BUZZER SOUNDS again: two brief stabs.

AT WARD ENTRY DOOR FROM OUTSIDE

as Williams opens it, standing on right, and Warren stands at EDGE OF FRAME, left. From the total blackness of the world outside the ward, the hands of an unseen Nurse propel a wheelchair bearing a man with his skull bandaged (RUCKLY) two or three feet into the ward, then let go, moving back and OUT OF FRAME. Warren and Williams stare mutely at Ruckly for a moment. Then:

WILLIAMS

(low)

Look who's back.

INT. FULL HIGH SHOT DINING ROOM - AT DOORS - DAY

Blastic whooshes in, stops, darts his glance furtively to left

and right, sees the room is empty, then spurts forward to the end of the dining table, picks up a glass of juice, gulps it down, slobbering; sets it back in place. Then he picks up the next glass in line, downs it; picks up another, starts downing it as we go to:

INT. UTILITY ROOM - REAR SHOT WILLIE - DAY

Willie, pinning catheter bags to a clothesline rigged over the basins, is quietly singing, his voice quavering off-key as he reaches for the high notes:

WILLIE
 "You sigh, de song begins,
 You speaks 'n ah hears violins
 It's ---"

He is interrupted, turning to look toward CAMERA as:

WILLIAMS (O.S.)
 Willie -- look who's back.

The back of Ruckly's wheelchair comes into view as one of the o.s. aides wheels him forward slightly.

WARREN (O.S.)
 Back from "Recovery."

Willie's gaze flicks down to Ruckly, then back up at the unseen Warren and Williams. He is puzzled and unsure, his brow furrowed:

WILLIE
 Ruckly?

REVERSE ANGLE AT RUCKLY, WARREN AND WILLIAMS behind him, each with a hand on the back of the wheelchair. Ruckly's age is difficult to determine: he could be thirty; forty; fifty. His stare is vacuous; there is no hint of any intelligence back of his eyes, beneath which are swollen, purplish bruises, the after-effects of recent surgery. A glistening rivulet of saliva appears at a corner of his mouth, which is slightly open, jaw slack. Hands on his lap are weakly fumbling with a torn and faded photograph of a woman, perhaps his wife, turning it this way; over; that way.

WILLIAMS
 Thass right, Ruckly.

WARREN
 Big, ol' sassymouth hisse'f.

WILLIAMS
 Done sassed "Big Bitch" one time
 too many.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as all three stare at Ruckly, Willie leaning against basin back of him, hands clutching the tops. All are motionless. We HEAR a SLOW DRIP from basin faucet; then another. Then:

WILLIE

(low; he is awed and disturbed)
Don' look like Ruckly.

WARREN

Yeah, dey changes when dey cuts 'em.

Another DRIP, and Willie nervously turns and tightens the faucet, then looks back at Ruckly. Then Williams crouches down beside Ruckly, speaking low:

WILLIAMS

Hey, Ruckly -- it's New Year's Eve.
Whatcha s'ppose yoh luscious little
wife is gwine tuh be doin' t'night?

Ruckly's response is to turn a pathetic, questioning look first to Williams then to Willie.

WILLIE

(a dead fact)
That ain't Ruckly.

WILLIAMS

(undertone of regret)
Las' time ah teased him 'bout his wife
he gimme this
(turns head, pointing
to bruise behind ear)
'n then said ah was white'n jus'
passin' foh black jus' so's no one
would notice that ah was a son-of-a-bitch.

WILLIE

(quietly; his gaze has
never left Ruckly)
Ain't Ruckly.

Williams swiftly turns to Ruckly again and virtually lashes him with the savagery in his shout:

WILLIAMS

Where's yoh wife?!

No response. Williams turns to Willie, and with an undertone of bitterness and angry disappointment:

WILLIAMS

Lemme have a new poop tube.

And Williams reaches down his hand and savagely yanks out Ruckly's catheter tube.

QUICK ZOOM TO TIGHT AT RUCKLY'S FACE

A slight gasp; a widening of the eyes; but nothing more.

FULL SHOT

as Williams tosses the used catheter tube and bag into a receptacle in the corner, then joins with the others in staring, unmoving, at what was Ruckly.

WILLIAMS

When dey cuts 'em, don' feel nothin'.

INT. HIGH SHOT DINING ROOM - DAY

Blastic has almost halfway circled the table, leaving behind him a spoor of ravished orange juice glasses. We stay with him long enough to watch him pick up another, gulp it down, set it on the table and reach for another.

INT. HIGH DOWN SHOT DAY ROOM - DAY

The Day Room is empty but for BROMDEN. Powerfully proportioned, six-foot-five, of American Indian ancestry, he sits huddled in a straight-backed wooden chair, his back bent, head resting on his knees, his hands, with fingers intertwined, tightly clutching them. We HEAR ECHO CHAMBER VOICES speaking in ominous WHISPERS:

FIRST MAN'S VOICE

This isn't a threat, you understand.
But the Federal Government wants the land,
and what it wants it's going to get.

SECOND MAN'S VOICE

Look, Chief, we know you love the river
and the falls. It's a lovely spot. I
mean, hell, it's home.

The CAMERA begins SLOWLY PUSHING DOWN to Bromden as:

FIRST MAN'S VOICE

(continuing)

But we've got some land set aside for
your tribe down in Southern Nevada.

SECOND MAN'S VOICE

Free! You get money and the land!
You can set up your tribe in some kind
of business! Build a motel! Is it
zoned for motels, Ed?

Bromden slowly lifts his head, pressing his hands tight to

his ears, as if to block out the voices, and he twists his gaze upward, toward CAMERA and the source of the voices as:

FIRST MAN'S VOICE

Chief, you just can't fight the system.
You'll get hurt. Chief, you --

FIRST AND SECOND VOICE TOGETHER

-- just can't fight the system. Chief, you
just can't fight the system. Chief, you --

UP ANGLE BROMDEN'S POV CEILING AND WALLS
Both are transparent, and are filled with cogs, gears, machinery,
all in motion; glowing wires. The SOUNDS -- CLANGING, WHIRRING,
PULSING, ELECTRONIC BLEEPING -- blend cacophonously and are
deafening.

HIGH SHOT BROMDEN

Looking up, hands to ears, expression tortured. Total silence.
Warren and Williams stand watching him, back of Ruckly in his
wheelchair.

WILLIAMS

Well, looka here.

WARREN

De "Chief."

WILLIAMS

Ol' deaf-'n-dumb.

FRONT ANGLE AT WARREN WILLIAMS RUCKLY
Williams looks at Ruckly, indicating Bromden with move of head.

WILLIAMS

Here's company foh yuh, Ruck.

WARREN

(staring at Bromden O.S.)
Gonna be some sparklin' ree-partee.

Abruptly, Warren swiftly produces a restraining jacket from
somewhere beneath his uniform and, noting his move, Williams
quickly turns his gaze to Bromden.

AT BROMDEN ATTENDANTS' POV

Bromden's head and neck are still grotesquely twisted to the side
and upward at ceiling, but his wide-staring gaze is slanted side-
ways at the attendants (and CAMERA). His mouth is agape and
his eyes are wild.

AT RUCKLY - ATTENDANTS BROMDEN'S POV WIDE-ANGLE LENS SHOT
What Bromden sees is the Day Room filled with low, ground-
hugging, swirling fog, perhaps almost knee-high. Both Warren

and Williams are black as onyx, and totally featureless except for Satanic, pointed ears and wide-staring eyes that are gleaming white, lacking both iris and pupil. Ruckly's eyes are the same, and although he does retain his features, both his hands and face are laced with a coarse, blue-threaded stitching like a baseball. It is as if he has been sewn and patched together in several places. The hallucinatory trio is staring at Bromden (and CAMERA), unmoving, Warren holding the restraining jacket in readiness. And almost immediately as we come on the SHOT, a stitch running slantwise across Ruckly's forehead begins to pull apart with a SOUND of THREADS POPPING and RIPPING fabric and a section of Ruckly's forehead and upper facial skin abruptly flaps down, curling up like a window shade, revealing glowing wires, cogs and wheels whirring and pulsing inside Ruckly's head, a puff of smoke misting upwards from somewhere inside that cavity.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Blastic is now three-quarters of the way around the table and progressing nicely.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

The ANGLE is slanted from HIGH, so that, low and in F.G., we see Williams in Nurse's chair, sitting with feet propped on desk, smoking, while Warren sits on desk edge, also smoking. Beyond, through the observation glass, we see Ruckly and Bromden sitting facing each other, knee to knee, Ruckly fidgeting with the photo in his lap; Bromden with his head down, chin sagging onto his chest. Bromden is secured to the chair by a restraining jacket. As they smoke, Warren and Williams are careful to tip their ashes into their cupped hands.

WILLIAMS

Look at 'em -- jawin' away at one
'nother like two ol' biddies.

WARREN

Sassy Ruckly 'n de "Chief."

WILLIAMS

De "Supah Chief."

FRONT ANGLE AT WARREN AND WILLIAMS

so that hall is visible behind them in the glass backing of the Station. For a beat or two they ponder Ruckly and Bromden in silence from under smoky lids. Then Warren abruptly and swiftly jerks his head around to look down the hall and Williams turns to watch him. After a beat, Warren slowly turns front, sighing with relief.

WARREN

Thought ah heard "Big Bitch."

In the b.g., Blastic comes whooshing by from out of the south hall to the right, brakes momentarily for a look at Warren and Williams, then does a swift right angle turn and gingerly inches down the east hall toward the dormitory. During the above:

WILLIAMS

Man, you don' hear her. She walk silent.
She walkin' on a inch-high carpet o' turds.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE VIEW OF BROMDEN - RUCKLY IN DAY ROOM
Williams flicks a handy switch and picks up microphone from desk.

WILLIAMS

(into microphone)
Now ain' dat right, "Chief."

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

LOW UP SHOT AT SPEAKER IN CEILING

With Bromden (blurred) in f.g. The aides' voices continue to feed through the speaker, but low, as they are not speaking directly into the microphone.

WARREN'S VOICE (filter)

"Chief" cain't hear yuh.

VARIED LOW UP ANGLES AT BROMDEN

with Bromden in focus and his face visible as:

WILLIAMS' VOICE (filter)

Jus' as well. Ain't nothin' tuh hear
but a pack o' lies.

WARREN'S VOICE (filter)

Thass true. If yuh deaf, yuh knows
only de truth.

Very slowly, his head bent, Bromden opens his eyes as:

WARREN'S VOICE (filter)

Baby, who been in "Shock Shop" moh, you think?
Ol' Ellis or de "Chief?"

WILLIAMS' VOICE (filter)

Ah, shoot, dey don' bother no moh wid
Ellis evuh since dey done pick him up
off'n de table wid de smoke still comin'
up outta his head.

WARREN'S VOICE (filter)

De "Chief" de mos' den.

WILLIAMS' VOICE (filter)

Yeah, de "Chief." On account o' he's

Cont.

WILLIAMS' VOICE (filter) (Cont.)
big. An' when yoh's big dey's got
tuh bust yuh.

TIGHT SHOT AT BROMDEN'S EYES

WILLIAMS' VOICE (ECHO CHAMBER)
When yoh's big, dey's got tuh ---

INT. DOWN SHOT ELECTRO-SHOT THERAPY ROOM

Strapped to a table in the shape of a cross, his arms outstretched, head shaved, two white-garbed TECHNICIANS on either side of him, is Bromden. Both Technicians stare down at him, one with his hand on control bank dial. The swirling fog cues us that this is a Bromden "vision," and as we come up on the scene, Bromden's body is arched up from the waist, straining at his straps, toward an upright position. Bromden's mouth is open wide, face contorted, as he soundlessly screams, a high-pitched electronic SCREECH substituting for his vocal cords. We also HEAR the CURRENT tearing through him, and see (via ART EFFECT) a bluish-white halo of electricity crackling about his head. Suddenly, Bromden becomes some other, heretofore unseen, INMATE - tall and gaunt - with nails through the palms of his hands, blood streaming from them as well as from the head, where the halo of electricity has taken the shape of a crown of thorns. Moreover, the SCREAM is no longer electronic, but human. The SCENE lasts but a few moments in all, and by the time we CUT AWAY, with the scream continuing, the table is below us, the SCENE now resembling Dali's "Crucifixion."

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

We HEAR a FAINT BLEED of SCREAM from prior scene. Warren and Williams are out of FRAME, except for Williams' legs propped on desk, and through the glass paneling we see Bromden jerk up his head, eyes wide, expression tortured.

WILLIAMS (O.S.)
Sure glad "Big Bitch" she keep him
gentle. Man, he could bust me intuh
six 'n mail a hunk tuh Emmy Lou, Sweet
Alice Carver, Sister Blue, the Pohtlan'
Poker Club 'n mah mothuh.

WARREN (O.S.)
That makes five.

WILLIAMS (O.S.)
Mah ass make six. Thass goin' tuh the
Beneficial Finance. They awready owns it.

Bromden is turning his gaze toward them, and we ZOOM TIGHT to his face, horrified.

AT NURSE'S STATION BROMDEN'S POV

Fog. And standing behind Warren and Williams is a harpy: a seven-foot tall, black-winged angel from hell with a wild woman's hair and hideous face, and enormous, white, colorless eyes.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Looming tall and powerful over the aides, her back to CAMERA and a chart in her hand, is Charge Nurse RATCHED. The ANGLE is somewhat DOWN and over her shoulder as she reaches out a hand, flicking off the microphone amplifier control. On hearing the CLICK, Warren and Williams leap instantly to their feet, turning to face Ratched at rigid, craven attention, a genuine fear shining in their eyes.

RATCHED

(her voice pleasant
and melodious)

Hello, boys. Here it is, mean old
Monday morning again.

INT. DORMITORY - ANGLE AT OPEN DOORS - DAY

Blastic wheels silently to his bedside, then angles his chair for a spiteful, triumphant glance at Harding.

AT HARDING'S BED BLASTIC'S POV

FULL HIGH DOWN SHOT

Still staring at Harding, Blastic emits a feeble but victorious cackle. Then he laboriously clambers out of his wheelchair and into his bed, pulling the covers up to his neck and closing his eyes, head propped slightly on pillow, as he lies on his back. A beat. Two. And then Blastic emits an incredibly LOUD and magnificently sustained BELCH. Immates' heads jerk up from pillows; propped on elbows, they gaze sternly at Blastic, then slowly settle back, one with a SIGH, another with a softly uttered: "Jesus!" No sound or movement for a beat. Then:

BLASTIC

(low)

Fuck 'em!

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

We are SHOOTING through Bromden and Ruckly at the Nurse's Station where we see -- but do not HEAR -- Nurse Ratched addressing Warren and Williams in short bursts, the latter responding with what are apparently craven "Yes's" and "No's" accompanied by staccato nods and shakes of their heads. They are still at rigid attention. We have now only a side view of Ratched. CAMERA PANS RIGHT to disclose a short, balding man in his fifties coming up hall, head bent, and pausing to stare in at Ruckly.

He wears gray tweed suit and tie and carries a stethoscope. He is DR. SPIVEY, the ward physician.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

The ANGLE now favors Ratched and we see her to be in her forties. She is extremely tall with a body ripe enough to suggest that beneath the stiff, starched nurse's uniform lurks a virginal voluptuity. Her voice is pleasant, her smile brilliant and genuinely warm. And yet something in her manner is as quietly intimidating as a Sherman tank in repose, just waiting for someone to ask it what it does.

RATCHED

Now let's get a great head start on
the week
(moving to indicate glass
in station facade)
by cleaning this glass until it shines.

WILLIAMS

We jus' cleaned it, Miz Ratched.

RATCHED

Clean it again. And then why not
shave poor Mister Bromden first, before
the usual after-breakfast rush
on the shaving room and avoid the --
uh -- commotion he tends to create?
The electric razor seems to disturb
him.

WARREN

He come near tuh bustin' the jacket,
ma'am, de las' time. Might try mah
hand with a safety, Miz Ratched, if --

The look she darts at him tells him instantly he has blundered and he abruptly breaks off. Then sweetly:

RATCHED

Why, Warren -- you surprise me.

The ANGLE now shifts to include a view of Dr. Spivey slowly approaching Ruckly, standing before him and staring down at him. During this:

RATCHED

(continuing)

The rules of the ward are quite explicit
concerning the use of safety razor blades.
Now surely we don't want a tragic repetition
of Christmas Eve.

WARREN
(something unconvincing
in his tone)
No, Ma'am!

WILLIAMS
(and in his)
No, Ma'am!

AT RATCHED

RATCHED
The rules have reasons. And even when
we do not perceive those reasons, they
must be obeyed without qualm or ques-
tion. If it weren't for rules, why the
world would be filled with mental hos-
pitals.

AT RUCKLY BROMDEN SPIVEY THROUGH STATION GLASS
Spivey still stares, motionless, at Ruckly, hands clasped behind
back, and clutching stethoscope. His lips form the words, "Hello,
Rickly?" No response.

WARREN (O.S.)
Right, Miz Ratched!

WILLIAM (O.S.)
Yes, Ma'am!

Spivey mouths the words, "Ruckly, how are you feeling?"
No response. During this:

RATCHED (O.S.)
Boys, we'll be getting a new arrival
this morning, a Mr. McMurphy coming
in from the prison farm for tests and
observation. He's some sort of a war
hero, I believe -- I can never keep
track of which medal means what -- so
let's give him a really fine reception.

Spivey again mouths, "Ruckly, how are you feeling?" as:

RATCHED (O.S.)
(continuing)
He'll be in Receiving at 9:15. Kindly
see that he's outfitted --

on the word "outfitted":

AT RATCHED'S HAND PULLING OPEN WALL CABINET
Set prominent and alone on edge of cabinet shelf is a large jar
of Vaseline. We ZOOM TIGHT to the jar on:

RATCHED (O.S.)
(continuing)

-- showered --

SIDE ANGLE RATCHED AT CABINET

Plucking Vaseline jar off shelf and proffering it to the O.S. Attendants (and CAMERA) with a low and almost conspiratorial:

RATCHED

Etcetera.

ANGLE AT SPIVEY AND RUCKLY OVER RATCHED'S HEAD

Bromden is no longer there, and Spivey leans over Ruckly, putting his weight on the arms of Ruckly's wheelchair. Ratched is seated at desk, head bowed, elbows propped, perusing McMurphy's dossier by the light of fluorescent desk lamp. Spivey turns his head and stares in at Ratched.

INT. NURSE'S STATION CLOSE FRONT SHOT RATCHED - DAY

Without moving her head, she lifts her gaze to return Spivey's.

AT SPIVEY - RUCKLY THROUGH STATION GLASS - RATCHED'S POV

Spivey returns the gaze for a beat, then turns back to Ruckly, bowing his head.

LOW FRONT ANGLE RATCHED

lowering her gaze to dossier and then furtively sliding her hand to rub at her thigh with somewhat more sensuality than normally associated with soothing an itch.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR LS DORMITORY DOORS - DAY

Over loudspeakers throughout the hospital comes:

RATCHED'S VOICE (filter)
Medication... Medication.

Patients are straggling out of the dorm, some pushing the wheelchairs of others who are feeble or catatonic: the "Vegetables."

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

AT RATCHED IN OPEN MEDICATION WINDOW

dispensing small cup filled with water, and a second containing pills, through window to someone O.S. as varicose-veined Lawrence Welk crackles dismally through Day Room loudspeakers.

RATCHED
(smiling)
Good morning, Mr. Martoni!

ANOTHER ANGLE

disclosing a small line of patients queued up at window. Martoni, taking his cups:

MARTONI

(in a hurry to get
somewhere)

Mornin'.

He quickly downs his pills as he alertly moves off. Fredericks is next in line.

ANGLE FROM INSIDE NURSE'S STATION
as Ratched picks up Fredericks' medication.

RATCHED

Mr. Fredericks.

FREDERICKS

(leaning into window)

Ma'am, lemme have Mr. Sefelt's. He
just didn't feel like standin' in --

A young, pretty and somewhat adenoidal Student Nurse -- MISS
FLINN -- comes flying into the station behind Ratched, removing
coat and hurriedly hanging it on hook as:

RATCHED

(interrupting)

Mr. Sefelt is an epileptic and if he
doesn't take his Dilantin he will
convulse.

FREDERICKS

But --

RATCHED

I'm quite aware that you've been
taking his medication. Now --

AT SEFELT

sitting against wall, leafing through magazine, yet with his
eyes on Ratched and Fredericks.

RATCHED AND FREDERICKS SEFELT'S POV

RATCHED AND FREDERICKS FROM INTERIOR NURSE'S STATION

FREDERICKS

But it makes him sick, Miss Ratched!
It rots away his gums!

RATCHED

Is there something between you two,
Mr. Fredericks? You boys have your
beds so close together.

Fredericks starts to reply, but hangs his head and slowly gives
up, moving away, as Flinn moves in beside Ratched and:

RATCHED

(continuing)

Good morning, Miss Flinn.

FLINN

(flustered)

Gee, I'm sorry I'm late, Miss Ratched.
The sermon at Mass was real, real long,
and it's such a nice, bright, beautiful
day out I stopped at the lake just to
look at the view and --

RATCHED

(stepping aside as Flinn
takes her place before
windows over her:)

Think nothing of it, dear. It is a
beautiful day.

FLINN

(at Bibbit, next in line)

Mr. Bibbit?

And as she checks a chart for Billy's proper medication.

RATCHED

Oh, Billy, dear, when you're through
may I see you for just a teensey
moment?

SIDE ANGLE GAMES CABINET SET IN WALL

as Martoni steps up to it briskly, opens the left-hand door,
then freezes a moment, and looks slowly and expressionlessly
to left.

MARTONI'S POV - RUCKLY

sitting in chair in front of window, staring into space and
fumbling with photograph in his lap. Partly visible in SHOT,
beside him, is an old man (WILSON), singing "We're Going Down
to Dixie (to Fight for the Dear Old Flag)" in a barely audible
tone, clapping his hands together, keeping time. Beyond the
window, the customary dense fog.

AT MARTONI - GAMES CABINET FROM OPPOSITE ANGLE

Martoni quickly turns away from Ruckly, reaches into cabinet,
laying his hand on a deck of cards, then holds it there, bowing
his head into the shadow. A beat. Then he shakes it off,
starts to close the cabinet.

AT MEDICATION WINDOW HARDING

B.G., Ratched admits Bibbit into station through door, pausing
a moment to check the cleanliness of the station facade glass.

FLINN

Mr. Harding, good morning!

Harding's speech is soft and cultivated, and his hands, as he takes his medication cups, are seen to be elegant, almost sculpted. And now, with eyes cast down and a little cordial nod of the head, as if responding in kind to the "Good morning," he murmurs:

HARDING

Myasthenia gravis.

AT GEORGE

Late thirties, robust and tall, yet somehow soft; a baby face. He stands at a water fountain, sedulously bathing his hands under the tap as Wilson shuffles up to him, reaches out a hand, tentatively touching him on the arm, preparatory to taking a drink at the fountain, whereupon George leaps back a step, horrified, his hand flying to spot on his arm where Wilson touched him, with:

GEORGE

(low but intense)

Don't touch me! Don't you know you
mustn't touch me!

George frantically whips out a handkerchief, wets it in the fountain and rubs at the spot on his arm.

AT CARD TABLE

Around it sit Martoni, Harding, and Jules. Martoni is shuffling with professional, riverboat-gambler glitter when suddenly Blastic is upon Harding, nipping his sleeve with his fingers as:

BLASTIC

Bless me, Father, I've sinned. I
diddled a nun and I peed on my oat-
meal eighty t ---

HARDING

(pulling arm loose and
turning away toward CAMERA)

Get out of here, goddamit! Get away!

And as Blastic pulls back his wheelchair about a foot, staring maliciously, Harding buries his face in a propped hand. Martoni has started dealing with great verve and style, and is sailing off an extra hand of cards into mid-air, aimed at the unoccupied fourth spot at the table opposite him. Harding sees the cards flying past him through his fingers, slowly turns to Martoni.

HARDING

(softly)

Martoni -- what are you doing?

MARTONI
(as Jules turns to observe)
What's it look like I'm doin'. I'm
dealin'.

HARDING
We are only three players.

MARTONI
(arrests his dealing;
puzzled)
What're yuh talkin' about?

Jules wearily sinks his face into his hands, elbows propped.

JULES
(very low)
Three.

HARDING
(pointing to himself;
then Martoni; then Jules)
One, two, three.
(holding up three fingers)
Three.

MARTONI
(indicating empty chair)
Four!

HARDING
(still gently)
But there's nobody there.

MARTONI
(eyeing empty chair;
confounded)
You're kiddin'!

HARDING
(leaning head on
propped hand)
No.

MARTONI
But I see him.

HARDING
There's nobody.

MARTONI
Jules, you see him?

JULES
(head still in hands)
No.

Martoni stares across at empty spot; then at Harding; then Jules; then flicks his gaze sideways at empty spot again; then down at the table; then suddenly and swiftly starts gathering up the cards with a murmured:

MARTONI

Humor the bastards.

In swift succession, Martoni gives his hallucinatory player friend a sly, elaborate wink, and looks to Blastic who returns the look, silently mouthing the words, "Fuck 'em!"

MARTONI

(straightening the
cards; at Blastic)

Betchya!

HARDING

(barely audible)

Christ!

JULES

(head still in hands;
accents of a Jewish
mother)

As long as you've got your health.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - AS RATCHED SEATED WITH BIBBIT - DAY

Card-playing and Day Room activity are visible through glass paneling as Ratched holds Bibbit's hands, leaning forward in tender fashion.

RATCHED

But I've already told her, Billy. I
spoke to your mother last night.

BIBBIT

(a stutterer, especially
when distraught, as now)

N-N-noooooo!

RATCHED

I had to.

BIBBIT

You sh-shouldn't have told her!

RATCHED

I had to. The rules, Billy dear.

BIBBIT

Wh-wh-what did you say?

Her gaze locking Bibbit's eyes, she subtly, gently turns over his hands, drawing back his sleeves enough to reveal the bandages at his wrists as:

RATCHED

Dear, I told her you were sorry --
and you promised that you'd never ever
try it again.

And swiftly she drops her gaze to his upturned wrists.

RATCHED

(continuing)
There. Bandages look clean.
(putting an affectionate
hand to his cheek)
And you do promise, don't you, dear?

BIBBIT

(relieved)
P-p-promise.

RATCHED

There's my sweet, good boy.
(rising)
Now run and play.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - SIDE ANGLE AT SHOWER BOOTH WALLS - DAY

Leaning beside the pass-through doorway to the large, multiple-stall shower complex is Warren, arms folded as he waits for something, biting away at the grin of pleasure and anticipation gently tugging at his lips, and moving his head in time to the O.S. SINGING of the new arrival (RANDLE P. MCMURPHY) who presently is showering.

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

(singing)
"Oh, your parents don't like me,
They say I'm too poor,
They say I'm unworthy to enter your door.

And as Williams approaches shower doorway from left, eyes cast down at the Vaseline jar in one hand while he dips an enormous thermometer into it, twisting it around with loving care, coating it:

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

(continuing song)
"Hard living's my pleasure, my money's
my own."

FRONT ANGLE AT WILLIAMS THROUGH SHOWER ENTRYWAY
Williams, still coating the thermometer, obviously relishing the chore, is looking in at the O.S. McMurphy.

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

"An them that don't like me
they can leave me alone."

WILLIAMS

(low; eyes smoldering)

Tha's right, mothuh. Keep on singin'.

Williams extracts the thermometer from the Vaseline jar. It looks more appropriate for horses than for men. SHOWER WATER SOUND continues, and we PUSH IN CLOSER on the thermometer as:

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

(singing)

"My horses are hungry, that's what
she did say.

(shower is turned off)

Come sit down beside them and feed them--"

SIDE ANGLE WILLIAMS

as he starts to move forward into shower stall.

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

(singing)

"-- some --"

The singing suddenly stops, and Williams is abruptly frozen in his tracks, the smile vanishing from his face as from inside the shower stall comes a voice that, though amiable, is lined with glittering steel:

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

Buddy, my temperature's always a
friendly 98. Now you try comin' at
me with that doo-dad and I'll shove
it so far up your black behind you'll
be spittin' up mercury for a month!

Instantly, Williams and Warren turn their heads to lock stares of distressing surmise, and simultaneous with the move:

WARREN

(barely audible)

Uh-oh!

INT. DAY ROOM AT CARD PLAYERS - DAY

As Martoni lays deck down for Harding's cut, Bibbit pulls a chair up to the table, then sits, just as Martoni is poised to deal, with:

BIBBIT

D-d-deal me in.

Martoni, hunched over, freezes, stares fixedly at Bibbit; then flicks his glance sideways first at Harding, then Jules, who merely stare at him without reaction; then swiftly starts dealing excluding Bibbit.

BIBBIT

What the heck's goin' -- (on)?

MARTONI

(staring down at center
of table as he deals; low)

Shh! Shh! They'll get mad!

HIGH SHOT FEATURING NURSE'S STATION

Hurrying into the Day Room from corridor and angling up to the medication window is CHESWICK. He is short, chubby, crewcut, his manner alternately truculent and cringing.

CLOSER ANGLE MEDICATION WINDOW AREA

as Flinn comes forward to greet Cheswick and hand him his medication.

FLINN

Hi, Mr. Cheswick!

CHESWICK

(taking medication)

Hi.

He starts to move away, then comes back.

CHESWICK

Hey, wait a shake, honey, what's this?
I mean these two little red things in
here with my vitamin?

FLINN

(emulating Ratched's
seductive tone)

Why, it's just medication, Mr. Cheswick. Down it goes.

CHESWICK

But I mean, what kind of medication?

FLINN

It's --

CHESWICK

I can see for myself, that they're some
kind of pills. I mean, what kind of
pills?

FLINN

Won't you swallow them, Mr. Cheswick?
Just for me?

CHESWICK

(getting overwrought)

Look, Missy, I hate like hell to make trouble --

HIGH DOWN SHOT

disclosing all the inmates with their faculties intact have turned their heads to watch the altercation, unmoving. The shot also discloses for the first time the tacit segregation of the room onto two distinct camps: the "Chronics" (Wheelers" and "Vegetables" like Ruckly and Bromden) on one side, and the "Acutes" (those who can function) on the other.

CHESWICK (O.S.)

(continuing)

-- but I don't like the notion of swallowin' somethin' without knowin' what the Sam Hill it is!

AT CHESWICK - FLINN

CHESWICK

(continuing)

I mean, how do I know they ain't some kinda that'll make me intuh somethin' that I ain't!?

FLINN

Mr. Cheswick, please don't get upset!

CHESWICK

(near-shouting)

Listen, all I wanta know, for the luvva Jesus, is what kinda -- !

He suddenly freezes as Ratched glides into SCENE from behind him, taking tight hold of his arm with her hand; it has an immediately quelling effect upon him.

RATCHED

(smiling)

Thorazine and vitamin B-complex.

CHESWICK

(meekly; lowering gaze)

Oh.

(a beat; then he looks up again)

What's -- ?

She is still smiling, her level gaze fixed on his eyes, and he breaks off the question, looks down at his medication cup and downs the pills.

HIGH SHOT TO INCLUDE RATCHED - FLINN - CHESWICK
as Cheswick walks slowly to wastebasket to listlessly dispose
of paper cups, leaving Ratched and Flinn to come together,
quietly talking. The inmates in the room who were watching --
hopefully -- now turn away, disappointed.

FRONT SHOT CHESWICK
tossing cups onto basket. He rubs a fist at the moistness, the
gathering tears of frustration in his eyes.

AT RATCHED - FLINN

RATCHED
(reassuring)
No, I think you were handling it as
well as you --

She breaks off, her eye caught by:

WILLIAMS
coming in swiftly, halting beside Nurse's station:

WILLIAMS
Miz Ratched?

INT. CORRIDOR AT ENTRY DOOR TO SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Warren is emerging, halting in doorway for:

WARREN
(surprised)
He's gone!

Ratched moves swiftly into SCENE, pushing her way past Warren
into the shower room, followed by Williams.

INT. DAY ROOM - AT CARD PLAYERS - DAY

A somnolent Blastic sits by, head drooping onto chest. Martoni
has his arms folded across his chest as Bibbit deals, loudly
thumping down each card dealt himself, accompanying the gambit
with a challenging look at Martoni each time. Martoni, mean-
while, is flicking swift, expectant glances back and forth from
the cards sailing through the air, to Harding; to the cards;
back to Harding; to Jules; to Harding; to the cards; then fin-
ally back to Harding in open amazement at his lack of reaction.
Finally, unable to contain himself:

MARTONI
(indicating the cards)
Don'tchya notice somethin' funny
goin' on with the cards, guys? Huh?
I mean, they're flyin' through the
air all by them --

He has broken off, puzzled by the O.S. SOUND of cheery SINGING, and of crisp, ringing FOOTSTEPS approaching, someone walking in and if we have not noticed it before, we notice now that up until this point all the characters in the play have always walked soundlessly and the atmosphere of the hospital has been one of bacterial quiet.

ANGLE AT PLAYERS FEATURING HARDING

All are turning to stare, Harding turning to face into CAMERA as he looks over his shoulder and the FOOTSTEPS come to a halt.

INT. SOUTH CORRIDOR MOVING SHOT - DAY

We are moving with McMurphy, heading from Dining Room toward Day Room, his footsteps crisp and ringing, his voice bright with song O.S. The CAMERA is his eyes and its movement should be brisk and jaunty. CAMERA rounds corner into:

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

Not far from the poker players, whose heads are turned, eyes on CAMERA, the SINGING, FOOTSTEPS, and CAMERA halt. McMurphy's hand appears uplifted in a wave at upper right edge of FRAME.

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

Hiya doin' there, buddies!

AT MCMURPHY

He is a shaggy redhead, broad and muscular with a brilliant, devilish grin and a face battered and scarred across nose and cheekbone. His hands, too, are scarred, and are those of a man who knows rough, heavy work and barroom doneybrooks equally well. He wears a motorcyclist's cap, an ancient leather jacket and jeans faded almost to whiteness. On his feet are lumberman's boots with the ring of steel in their heels. McMurphy has a wide-open, extroverted manner and voice which register shockingly in this environment. As we come on him, he has thumbs hitched in belt.

MCMURPHY

Sure a fine, sunny day.

He is looking out window beside him, and we note that he is the only inmate thus far ever to have done so.

MCMURPHY

Damn Sam, what a view of the river!

(turns from window,

advancing on card players)

Ain't it great to be livin'? I just

had me a shower, then raided your kitchen--

(halts, looking around)

Incidentally, who's Blastic? When I

asked for some --

(eye falls on Bibbit's

card hand)

(Cont.)

MCMURPHY (Cont.)

Wait a "sec!" Betchya two bucks ya
can't tell without lookin' how many red
spots 'r in that hand that you're --
Don't look!

(Bibbit has automatically
looked at the cards)

Ah, ya spoiled it! Listen, guys, where's
your bull-moose loony?

BIBBIT

B-b-

MCMURPHY

(at Bibbit)

Bull-Moose Loony, your leader, your
chief, your biggest nut. C'mon, c'mon,
who laughs the loudest? You're actin'
so foxy, got a notion it's you.

BIBBIT

(hint of a smile)

N-n-n-no, it isn't m-me, but I g-guess
you might s-say I'm in l-line for the
job.

MCMURPHY

(sticking out paw for
Bibbit to shake)

Well, b-buddy, I'm g-glad you're in
l-l-l-line for the --

(Nothing Bibbit's stricken
look, McMurphy breaks off,
chuckling good-naturedly and
tousling Bibbit's head with
both hands and:)

Hey, c'mon, I'm just kiddin'! Hell,
we all got infirmaries of some kind.
Me, I get dizzy from standin' in lines.

(at all)

Okay, I'm takin' this hoo-house over so
Bull Moose Loony, front' center!

BIBBIT

Mr. Harding, you're p-president of
the Patients' Council. You --

MCMURPHY

Figgered all along maybe you was the
president. You --

BLASTIC

(low; still half-asleep,
head sagging on chest)

Fuck 'em.

MCMURPHY
(indicating Blastic)
Who's this cat?

HARDING
(turned away to airily
examine his fingernails)
Secretary of State.

MCMURPHY
(turning back, satisfied
with the explanation)
Oh,
(on the attack again)
Well, now, listen --

BLASTIC
Fuck 'em all.

MCMURPHY
(indicating Blastic)
That man is sane.
(pointing finger at
Harding again)
Now, I'm --

HARDING
Billy, does this gentleman have an
appointment?

Some of the inmates have cautiously approached to observe the
McMurphy phenomenon as:

BIBBIT
(at McMurphy)
D-do you have an appointment?

MCMURPHY
L-l-l-l-l-listen,
(this time Billy grins,
and McMurphy, too,
chuckles as:)
You go in and tell Bull Moose Loony
Harding that a Mr. McMurphy is w-
waitin' to see him, and this nuthouse
ain't big enough to handle us both.
Tell him --

BIBBIT
B-b-b-b- --

MCMURPHY
(laughing)
W-w-w-w-wait a shake, son, I ain't through

(Cont.)

MCMURPHY (Cont.)

yet. You tell him McMurphy's been bull
moose catskiner for every loggin' oper-
ation worth a dime in the whole North-
west; that he was bull moose gambler all
the way from Viet Nam; that he was bull
moose pea-weeder down on the Work Farm;
'n so now if he's tied intuh bein' a
loony, hell, he's gonna be the stompdwn,
dadgum biggest mother loony of 'em all!
And to prove he deserves it, tell him
Mr. McMurphy, Randle P., voted Richard
Nixon in '68.

HARDING

(intended for Bibbit)

Kindly tell him Mr. Harding voted Nixon
twice.

MCMURPHY

Tell him Mr. McMurphy'd vote for him
again.

HARDING

My God! "Sic transit gloria mundi."

(rising; gracefully
offering his hand)

Friend, no contest!

MCMURPHY

(roars with laughter and
embraces Harding hugely)

There, by God, and we ain't even spilled
a drop o' blood!

(leaning over table, turning
over and examining cards)

Whatchya playin' here, buddies, what's
the name o' the --?

MCMURPHY

(with disdain)

Pinochle?! Judas priest, ain'tcha got
a straight deck in this -- ?

(producing his own deck)

Never mind, buddies, brought a deck of
my own along just in case.

(fanning out deck and prof-
fering to those at table)

Hoo hoo! Pick a card, pick any card,
and check the pictures. Are they pic-
tures? Count 'em, fifty-two positions,
every card a different position bound
to start your hormones --

(Cont.)

MCMURPHY (Cont.)

(without missing a beat,
starts plucking back the
cards from those who have
them)

Easy, boys, don't smudge 'em, we got
lotsa time, lotsa games.

(and again without missing
a beat, he smoothly moves
to the circle of onlookers
with hand outstretched)

Hi, ya, buddy, I'm R.P. McMurphy,
who're you?

(and grabbing another
man's hand with:)

The name's McMurphy.

INT. "L"-WING OFF DORMITORY - DAY

As Warren and Williams stand miserably by open door to private
room, Ratched emerges, beginning her line while still inside,
then moving on to another room trailed by the Aides, CAMERA
TRACKING.

RATCHED

I am staggered you would even consi-
der allowing him out of your sight
for an instant!

WILLIAMS

Ah lef' Warren tuh watch 'im while ah --!

He breaks off as she has opened door to next room and whooshed
in like a hurricane. Warren glares at Williams.

WARREN

(low)

Buuuulllllllllshiiiiiiiit, you lef'
Warren tuh --

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

McMurphy, CAMERA FOLLOWING, is sallying along the line of
Chronics, and at the moment is shaking the hand of a bewildered
Ruckly.

MCMURPHY

Good tuh see ya, I'm R.P. McMurphy.

(on to Wilson)

I'm R.P. McMurphy, how are ya?

WILSON

(as Mac moves on)

What time is it?

MCMURPHY

Time tuh start singin' out happy.
(on to another)
Howdjya do, there, I'm --

AT HARDING'S GROUP
observing.

HARDING

(a murmur; cordially)
"Now is the winter of our discontent
made glorious summer by this son-of-a- ..."

AT MCMURPHY

shaking hands with another "vegetable," while toward F.G. of
SHOT is an Immate whose body is pressed against wall in the
attitude of one crucified.

MCMURPHY

R.P. McMurphy, how are ya?

Then McMurphy pulls the "crucified man's" hand off wall, shaking
it with:

MCMURPHY

Hiya, buddy, I'm --

McMurphy halts, staring down at the man's feet (which are OUT OF
FRAME), letting go his hand, whereupon it snaps back against wall
as if elasticized. McMurphy looks up, pulls the man's head up so
that we see his face to be that of the "Christ-figure" in Brom-
den's "Shock Shop" vision. He is ELLIS. He stares at McMurphy,
perplexed, as:

MCMURPHY

(reproachfully)

Look, buddy, my name's R.P. McMurphy
'n if there's anythin' I just can't
hardly stand it's seein' a grown man
sloshin'

(looking down)

around in a puddle of his own private
personal water.

(looking up)

Now whyn't ya go 'n get all dried up.
(he is already moving
toward Bromden)

Hoo whee, what's your name, fella, Mount
Rainier?

(taking Bromden's hand in
his and shaking, the latter's
eyes shining with some
pleasant emotion)

Mine's McMurphy, I'm --

Standing to side, observing, is George, who offers:

GEORGE

Bromden can't --

And instantly, McMurphy thrusts his hand out at George, who leaps back, thrusting his hands behind his back, with a:

GEORGE

No!

Simultaneously, a hush falls on the room, and McMurphy lifts his hand up close to his face to address it.

MCMURPHY

Hand, how in the hell d'jya suppose that man knew about all the evil you been into? It --

RATCHED (O.S.)

Mr. McMurphy?

McMurphy turns to see:

RATCHED - WARREN - WILLIAMS APPROACHING

Ratched has the thermometer. They all halt as:

RATCHED

Mr. McMurphy, --

ANOTHER ANGLE

Before she can continue, McMurphy comes in to her, taking off hat. He is quite cordial.

MCMURPHY

Why, hello, howd'ya do, Ma'am.

(eyeing the Aides)

Hey, what the hell happened to you guys, where d'jya go to? I --

RATCHED

(tapping thermometer
against wristwatch)

I'm pleased that you've taken it upon yourself to meet the others in the ward. However, Aide Williams informs me that you haven't been quite as cooperative in other areas. Is that true?

MCMURPHY

Ma'am, that area's always been kinda surly.

RATCHED

Now please, don't be difficult.

MCMURPHY

(indicating thermometer)

Comes tuh matchin' that peg to the
proper size hole, the word is impossi-
ble! I --

RATCHED

Mr. McMurry, that's most amusing but --

MCMURPHY

Passable.

RATCHED

(finishing)

-- kindly watch your language.

MCMURPHY

(indicating Blastic)

Talk tuh him, for hell's sake, lady,
he's --

RATCHED

Poor Mr. Blastic is hardly responsible.

MCMURPHY

(hauling out pack of
cigarettes)

Right! It's the parents to blame
every time! Why I've --

She snips the pack from his hands.

RATCHED

Cigarettes are rationed here.

MCMURPHY

You're kiddin'!

RATCHED

Ward policy, Mr. McMurry. Now why do
you refuse to have your temperature
taken?

AT MCMURPHY

MCMURPHY

(dead earnest)

A man's gotta have a little dignity.

AT RATCHED

RATCHED

Hospital rules have but one purpose only,
McMurry -- your cure. Your failure to
follow them will not only result in a
lack of that cure, but --
(undertone of threat? menace?)
-- might even render your condition --
worse. If you want to avoid that, Mr.
McMurry, then you must - follow - the
rules.

AT MCMURPHY

He lowers his head, hitching thumbs in belt, fists balled tight,
he nods his head, as if confirming something for himself; then
lifts his gaze to her, head still bent, eyes challenging, faintly
smiling.

MCMURPHY

Ya know, Ma'am -- that's the exact
thing someone always seems ta be tell-
in' me about the rules -- just when
I'm thinkin' a breakin' every one of 'em.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Nurse Flinn sits at desk, back to CAMERA, laboriously transcrib-
ing data from chart sheets to ledger. Beyond, we see McMurphy
sitting on table, holding several inmates in thrall as he talks
with great animation and flamboyant gestures. As we come up on
the SCENE, Flinn looks up at McMurphy through the glass paneling.

FLINN

Sort of just -- takes over, kind of,
doesn't he.

AT RATCHED

She is holding a hypodermic syringe (filled with a milky solution
up to the light, aspirating it.

RATCHED

First he will influence -- then con-
trol -- and finally disrupt the effi-
cient running of the ward.

(lays hypo on tray with
some others, then fills
another as:)

I know the type. Twenty years on the
ward and you know the type. Our friend
McMurphy is a manipulator.

AT FLINN

as she turns to Ratched (and CAMERA), brightly making some
mental connection.

FLINN

Oh, you mean like Mr. Ruckly!

INT. DAYROOM - ANGLE FEATURING MCMURPHY - DAY

As McMurphy speaks, he makes repeated, fluid, one-handed cuts with deck of cards.

MCMURPHY

..But right about then, see, the Army got holda me 'n taught me right off what my natural bent was: gamblin' -- gamblin' of every kind. An' now all that I want is ta just stay single 'n live where I want 'n peruse (peruse) my career, butchya know how sasiety always persecutes a dedicated man. I --

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

FRONT SHOT FLINN AT DESK

looking up from charts and out at the O.S. McMurphy. Even as we come up on her, the CAMERA is already PUSHING PAST her to Ratched, aspirating another hypo in b.g.

FLINN

Talks a blue streak.

RATCHED

His foremost weapon. But a private room shared with poor Mr. Bromden should somewhat effectively limit the flow.

INT. LS EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As Willie exits a room with a bedpan and crosses hall into another room whose door is propped open, Blastic is being wheeled swiftly around a corner toward (and through) CAMERA POV by Williams. Blastic is weeping and hysterical, apparently frightened as:

BLASTIC

No, please, no bath, I don't wanta take a bath, please don't, don't make me, I don't wanta go in there, please, don't make me take a -- !

Simultaneous with the last few words, we HEAR A TOILET FLUSHING in the room Willie entered and we:

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Sterile and cheerless, a bedpan sitting atop a small bedside table. Bromden sits on edge of bed in sleeping attire, staring fixedly into CAMERA.

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

Nothin'. That it? Ya didn't get it.
Look, this time try -- try ta understand
me.

AT MCMURPHY

He is under the bedcovers, elbow propped, cigarette in hand.
He is blowing smoke rings at the Indian!

INT. FULL DOWN SHOT DINING ROOM - DAY

The ambulatory inmates are seated or sitting down, some of them wheeling the "Vegetables" up to the table. McMurphy's presence has sparked a low hum of conversation as several KITCHEN AIDES serve breakfast items from wheeled carts.

CLOSE AT OLD MAN

Toothless, feeble; almost terminal senility. He is being spoon-fed from a bowl of nameless and composite glup, a good bit of each mouthful running down his chin.

CHESWICK

(moodily; staring down
at table)

Thirteen years collectin' garbage 'n
nothin' looks new t'ya anymore. You
go to buy yourself a shirt or a toy
for your kid -- ya only see 'em like
they're gonna be. Nothin' looks shiny.

MCMURPHY

That's --

JULES

(interrupting)

Me, it was years with the State Unem-
ployment.

(addressing an unseen
interviewee)

"Hello, dere, how are you? You're
late, how come? Did you work? Did you
look for work? You're a bum. You know
dat? Beautiful. Sign right here,
please." Eighteen years.

CHESWICK

(prodding at his food
with a fork)

Nothin' ever looks shiny -- not even
the day.

MCMURPHY

Sure enough does --

McMurphy's gaze drops to Cheswick's bowl. He reacts, looks down at his own bowl, then to Jules', as the latter digs in; then across the table at:

INMATES

eating swiftly, ravenously, heads low over bowls. Harding lifts an interested gaze at:

MCMURPHY

MCMURPHY

Well, I'll be a -- !

He looks down at his plate; then, with a resolute, indomitable expression, lifts the bowl off the plate and begins to segregate the food in the bowl, lifting first the banana onto the plate; then the butter; the bacon...

AT HARDING

watching, nodding slightly with approbation, and registering some flickering hope.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

LOW UP SHOT MCMURPHY

Along with Harding, Martoni, Bibbit, and Cheswick, he is on his knees, looking down as Harding rattles a pair of dice in cupped hand, then rolls them. McMurphy appears to be holding a wad of bills in his hand. A single bill is stuck in his hat band. "Chief" Bromden sits in a chair at edge of circle, watching. Harding rolls the dice.

MCMURPHY

And a two and a two, "Little Joe,"
hot dice!

ANOTHER ANGLE

disclosing that the men are playing "Monopoly." Harding is moving his piece, landing on "Chance." In addition to "play" money, each player has before him a mound of genuine coin of the realm. Beside McMurphy, who is acting as "bank," is a section of cigarette carton containing a few dollar bills and some change.

MCMURPHY

He passes "Go"
(counting out "play"
money from bank)
and that's two hundred smackers.

HARDING

(reading glumly from
"Chance" card)
"Go Directly to Jail."

McMurphy drops the play money in front of Harding's spot, takes two dollars in change from him and drops it in the cigarette carton. During this:

CHESWICK

We oughtta change it from "Jail" to
"Isolation Room."

MCMURPHY

Two hundred at a penny a buck makes two
bucks even in the "kitty," an' it's
Cheswick's dice comin' out with a --

MARTONI

(interrupting)

Wait a minute, wait a minute, hold it!

All look exasperated except for McMurphy, who eyes Martoni blandly

MARTONI

(continuing)

What's a guy supposed t'have fr'im t'
buy a hotel?

MCMURPHY

Four houses every lot that he's got
the same color.

(at Cheswick)

Your roll.

Martoni's hands agitatedly create a swirling, fluttering cloud
and flurry of play money of all denominations as:

MARTONI

Wait a minute, wait a minute!

MCMURPHY

Whose freaking hotel is there here
on the goddam Reading Railroad?!

McMurphy's accusing gaze has rested on Martoni, but it is
Harding who replies:

HARDING

(coolly; his feelings
ruffled)

It's a depot.

MCMURPHY

You're kiddin'.

HARDING

It's always a depot.

MCMURPHY

Since when do the rules say hotels
can be depots?

HARDING

"Contra factum non valet argumentum" --
"no argument has any validity against
a fact."

SIDE ANGLE FEATURING CHESWICK

as he turns to stare at something o.s., his head pivoting to
follow movement.

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

Wanna get in the game, there, "Chief?"
You fit this group real fine.

MOVING SHOT WARREN WILLIAMS CHESWICK'S POV

The Aides are dragging defunct, plucked Christmas tree out of
Day Room.

HARDING (O.S.)

Let's avoid personalities, please.

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

Okay, Billy, c'mon, let's roll 'em.

AT MONOPOLY PLAYERS

as Bibbit rolls.

MCMURPHY

"Snake Eyes!" Where's 'at putchya?
Hey, not on my Marvin Gardens, perchance?
(consulting card)
Lemme see, now, that's --

MARTONI

Hold it, hold it, hold it! What's 'em
other things doin' all over the board?

CHESWICK

You been seein' them other things all
damn day, Martoni; no wonder I'm losin'
my ass.

MCMURPHY

Hey, cool it Cheswick. Whenever those
"things" of his land on our propity, we
get rent, now ain't that right?

CHESWICK

Ooh, yeah!

MCMURPHY

Now roll 'em.

(at Martoni, as Cheswick
rolls the dice)

And, kid, don't you worry your giant
brain about them "things." You just
keep us all posted whose propity they
land on.

CHESWICK

Count me over eleven, there will ya,
Martoni?

MCMURPHY

What the hell is this house doin' here
on the Electric Company?

HARDING

It's a power station.

SIMULTANEOUSLY

MCMURPHY

A -- !

CHESWICK

(at Martoni, who
is moving his piece)

Not that one, you crazy bastard,
that isn't my piece there you're
movin', it's my house!

And as Cheswick reaches over to restore his house, and Martoni
picks up two of his own houses:

MARTONI

But they're both the same color!

HARDING

(at Martoni; quietly)

Those aren't the dice that you're shak-
ing, they're houses.

MCMURPHY

(at Harding)

You're livin' in a glass one; don't
throw stones.

(Martoni has rolled
the houses)

Whaddya know, Martoni rolls a big one!
(as if checking the
"spots" on houses)

Yeah, le'ssee, a big nine --

He breaks off as we HEAR the muffled, O.S. SOUND of a man
SCREAMING in agony. Only McMurphy looks up at the SOUND,
although the shifting glances of the others indicate they
hear it.

MCMURPHY

What in the bloody blue blazes is that?

HARDING

(as the others pretend
to occupy themselves)

Did you hear something?

Before McMurphy can respond, Williams has intruded into SCENE, gathering up the Monopoly elements with:

WILLIAMS

Meetin' time, boys, shake a leg.

HIGH FULL SHOT DAY ROOM

As Williams clears away the Monopoly elements, Warren is setting chairs in a semi-circle in the middle of the room, some inmates assisting and taking seats as:

RATCHED

(over loudspeaker)

Group Meeting. Time for Group Meeting.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Through the Station glass facade, we see inmates moving to chairs as Ratched blows on a section of the glass and wipes it with a handkerchief, then picks up Patients' Log book and a large wicker bag from her desk. Moving to exit Station, she runs into Miss Flinn, who opens door for her.

FLINN

Doctor Spivey says please start without him. Mr. Ruckly's in pain and he's giving him Demerol.

(as Ratched exits)

Gee, he was cussing a holy blue streak.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE NURSE'S STATION - DAY

RATCHED

(halting)

Mr. Ruckly?

FLINN

Doc Spivey. Said your recommendation should've never been --

RATCHED

(interrupting; off-handedly)

By the way, is it just my imagination, or do Doctor Spivey's requisitions for Demerol seem excessive to you?

(moving on)

Oh, never mind, dear, it's unimportant.

FLINN

(her hand flew to mouth
to cover a gasp; then:)

You mean maybe Doc Spivey's been --

REAR SHOT RATCHED

as she wheels on Flinn and moves to her.

RATCHED

(guarded, shocked tone)

Miss Flinn, what in heaven's name
are you suggesting?!

FLINN

I -- !

RATCHED

Even the most fantastic rumors can
ruin careers and reputations.

FLINN

But --

RATCHED

It's happened before, and right here
in this ward, and even my influence
with the Supervisor was useless; the
damage was done. Have a care, Miss
Flinn: Mere words can be wicked,
gleaming knives.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

The "Acutes" are seated in the semi-circle, the "Chronics" off
in their corner. Ellis, as is his wont, stands pinned to the
wall. McMurphy, somewhat uncertain, is slowly taking a seat
near Blastic, straddling a chair, as Ratched enters, smiling
warmly and moving to occupy one of two vacant chairs in center
of semi-circle.

RATCHED

Hello, boys.

AT MCMURPHY

as he sits, pulls cap over eyes and turns to eye Blastic.

RATCHED (O.S.)

(continuing)

Doctor Spivey may be a bit late.

MCMURPHY

(wagging a finger at
Blastic, twinkle in eye)

Now, lissen, you watch your mouth, young
feller, or I'm gonna wash it out with soap.

ANGLE FEATURING RATCHED
with McMurphy visible b.g. putting hand over Blastic's mouth as
latter opens it to deliver his wonted commentary on world affairs.
Meantime:

RATCHED
Well, let's see now, would anyone
care to start off?
(turns to eye Bibbit)
Billy?

BIBBIT
(touching bandage
on wrist)
I g-guess I should talk about this.

RATCHED
(like one settling into
the prospect of some
entertaining pasttime)
Well, fine, why don't we, then.

BIBBIT
Guess it happened on account of it
was Visiting Day.

AT MCMURPHY
reacting with increasing interest and puzzlement, and doing
one-handed cuts of card deck as:

BIBBIT (O.S.)
(continuing)
When my m-m-m-mother comes to see
me I feel pretty awful.

RATCHED (O.S.)
But, Billy, she loves you.

AT BIBBIT

BIBBIT
Th-th-that's the trouble, Ma'am. I'm
s-such a d-d-d-disappointment to her,
but she just doesn't want to admit it.
She w-w-w-won't see me like I am. I
say, "Mama, I'm nothin'". I'm not
right in the head. I c-can't even
talk straight."

AT MCMURPHY
He stops the one-handed cuts, as puzzlement and outrage furrow
his expression.

BIBBIT (O.S.)

(continuing)

But Ma'am, she keeps on, she j-just keeps right on!

RATCHED (O.S.)

But --

BIBBIT (O.S.)

C-c-couldn't we talk about somebody else?

RATCHED (O.S.)

Billy --

BIBBIT (O.S.)

Please!

RATCHED (O.S.)

But you're --

MCMURPHY

(exploding)

Leave the kid alone! Can't yuh see he's "up tight!" Fer Chrissakes, lady!

A FULLER ANGLE INCLUDING RATCHED as Spivey enters, hangdog, moving to seat beside Ratched.

RATCHED

(smiling)

It's doing him good.

MCMURPHY

Says who?

RATCHED

The world's most brilliant psychiatrists.

ANGLE FEATURING MCMURPHY BLASTIC

MCMURPHY

(turning to Blastic and indicating Ratched with a gesture of hand)

Now you can say it!

ANOTHER ANGLE

RATCHED

(greeting him as he sits)

Doctor Spivey?

SPIVEY

(gaze lowered despondently;
with self-effacing gesture)

Continue, continue.

RATCHED

(consulting notepad)

Perhaps we should move to another
subject.

MCMURPHY

(satisfied)

Betchya.

RATCHED

(sweetly, leaning confi-
dentially to Bibbit as she
leafs through pages)

We'll talk about that Kleenex under
your bed sometime in private.

BIBBIT

(flushing)

What -- ?

RATCHED

(interrupting)

Now at the close of Friday's meeting
we all were discussing Mr. Harding,
or rather a problem with his wife.

(consulting notepad)

Let's see -- Mr. Harding said his wife
was young, and, -- well -- extremely
well-endowed in the general area of the
bosom, which made him uneasy because
she drew glances from men on the street.

(opening to places in Log
marked by slips of paper)

And according to notes listed here in
the Log by various patients, Dale has
been frequently heard to remark that
his --

AT MCMURPHY

tilting back cap to stare incredulously. Blastic, head sagging
onto chest, is now dozing.

RATCHED (O.S.)

(continuing)

-- wife's ample bosom gave him some-
thing of a feeling of inferiority, and
perhaps he in fact may have given her
reason to go seeking out sexual atten-
tion elsewhere.

SIMULTANEOUSLY

MCMURPHY
(under breath)
Jesus!

RATCHED (O.S.)
Would you care to enlarge
upon that, Dale?

BIBBIT
I'll b-bet he's afraid of his wife.

HARDING
Well, intimidated, but --

JULES
Why did ya have to marry a broad with
great big lungs in the first place,
dummy?

GEORGE
Hung up on his mother.

BIBBIT
Which one, the ch-church?

JULES
Couldn't someone refer you to girls
with no boobies? Did you try in
that week to find girls with --

HARDING
I wanted a womanly woman.

AT MCMURPHY
He is confounded, his outrage growing.

GEORGE (O.S.)
To hate, like you hated your mother!

BIBBIT (O.S.)
A-and the ch-church!

HARDING (O.S.)
No, I needed my mother, and I needed
the church!

ANGLE FEATURING HARDING
He is extremely agitated, his hands moving in rapid, nervous
flutterings as he increasingly takes on the manner of a hunted
animal with the pack in full cry.

RATCHED
And Vera?

HARDING
I needed her most of all!

RATCHED

To counteract certain latent tendencies?

BIBBIT

(at Harding)

Yuh-yeah! Wuh-wuh-what about that?
Yuh-you're all the time sayin' she's
su-such a great lay. Well, what happens
in bed?

HARDING

(lowering face into hand)

C-complete -- complete psychic impotence.

MARTONI

Why not just come out 'n admit you're
fairy. It's --

AT MCMURPHY

exploding out of his chair with a roar.

MCMURPHY

Knock it off, you guys! Good suffer-
in' Christ, what in hell's goin' on
here!

RATCHED

It's --

MCMURPHY

(at Ratched, indicating
Harding)

I don't wanna know this guy that well!
(at inmates)

Get off his back, now, willya, fellas?!
(as Spivey looks to Ratched,
befuddled, and latter
reaches for dossier in her
bag; at Harding)

Hey, buddy, you don't have tuh take
this crap!

RATCHED

(reading from dossier)

"McMurry, -- "

MCMURPHY

(wheeling on her)

You betchya! Randle Patrick.

RATCHED

(continues reading)

"Committed by the Pendleton Farm for
correction for diagnosis and possible
treatment..."

MCMURPHY
(correcting, pointing
to page).
"Probable!"

SPIVEY
(at Ratched)
Why was he sent to the Farm?

Ratched opens mouth to answer, but McMurphy interrupts.

MCMURPHY
(at Spivey)
I'll tell yuh. This lady don't read too good. I pulls into a gas station, see, I says "Fill it." Okay. He fills it. But then he hands over some dishes and some kinda stamps, 'n I says, I don't want 'em, deduct what they cost from the price of the gas, what the hell do I want with these stamps and these dishes?! Well, he gives me a notion what t'do with 'em both, so I says, I ain't payin' for no freakin' dishes, bud, pump that gas ya put in back out. Well, he said some-thin' crude, I don't wanta repeat it.

SPIVEY
(interjecting)
You struck him?

MCMURPHY
A little.

RATCHED
(reading)
"Marine Corps sergeant, then broken to private for chronic insubordination. Served in Viet Nam. Distinguished Service Cross for leading an attempted escape from Viet Cong prison camp and etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

MCMURPHY
What the hell's that "etcetera," there, the dirty part or -- ?

RATCHED
(smiling)
Kindly take your seat, please.

MCMURPHY
(going back to chair)
How'd you know I was tired of standin'?

RATCHED

(again reading from
dossier)

"A record of street brawls, barroom
fights, repeated gambling, and other
than his current incarceration -- "

(up at Spivey)

-- which still has five more months
to run -- an arrest for rape.

SPIVEY

Rape?

MCMURPHY

(one-handed cutting again)

Doc, that was statutory.

RATCHED

Correct, with a girl of --

MARTONI

(formerly daydreaming,
he comes to, glancing
all around, searching, as:)

What girl, where?

(gaze settles on empty
space)

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, now I see her,
I see her.

(as Harding lowers face
into hand, shaking head)

Hey, how come they let her run around
with no clothes on?

MCMURPHY

What I wouldn't give for that man's
eyes.

SPIVEY

(prodding Ratched)

The rape.

RATCHED

(consulting dossier)

"--with a girl of--"

MCMURPHY

(at Ratched)

Whoa! Back up!

(at Spivey)

Couldn't make that stick 'cause the
girl wouldn't testify, Doc.

RATCHED

"--with a girl of age fifteen."

MCMURPHY

Hell, Doc, she told me she was seven-
teen, and goddam Sam, was she willin'!
Little hustler beat me ta the rug! I
had ta padlock mi zipper when she was
around me.

RATCHED

(handing dossier to
Spivey, who skims it)
Our new admission, Doctor Spivey. I'd
intended to brief you on his record
later, but since he insists upon so
aggressively asserting himself, I suggest
we dispose of it now.

SPIVEY

(leafing through dossier)
Have you any other psychiatric his-
tory, Mr. McMurphy?

MCMURPHY

(correcting)
McMurphy.

SPIVEY

(looking up)
Oh?
(a glance at Ratched,
then cover of dossier)
But I -- Oh, yes, I see it. "Mc-
Murphy." Beg pardon.

MCMURPHY

Had an uncle named Halloran went with
a woman kept actin' like she couldn't
remember his name, she kept callin'
him "Holligan," Doc, 'til he stopped
her; stopped her good, I mean, but good.

SPIVEY

How?

MCMURPHY

(grins, rubbing nose
with thumb)
Nah, I ain't tellin', 'cause y'never
know when I
(smiling at Ratched)
might have ta use it.
(Ratched smiles back and
he turns back to Spivey)
Now what was you askin' me 'bout my
record?

SPIVEY

Yes, have you spent time in any other institution?

MCMURPHY

Well, countin' state and county coolers--

SPIVEY

No, no, I mean mental institutions.

MCMURPHY

No.

(suddenly alarmed, getting up, pocketing cards)

But I'm crazy, I swear it, I'm cuckoo!
(fumbles at dossier over Spivey's shoulder)

Right here, there's this part here the lady left out where the doc at the Work Farm says --

(finds it, jabbing finger at page)

There, there it is! It says,
(reading triumphantly)

"Mr. McMurphy has evidenced repeated --"
You got that? -- "repeated outbreaks of passion suggesting a possible diagnosis of psychopathic." He --

He is interrupted as Ratched plucks the dossier from Spivey's grasp.

RATCHED

The doctor at the Work Farm added the following:

(reading)

"Don't overlook the strong possibility that the subject has merely been feigning psychosis in order to escape from the drudgery of the Work Farm and finish his sentence in easier surroundings."

MCMURPHY

(at Spivey; holding out arms, open and honest to the world)

I'm outta my bird! Do I look like a sane man?!

RATCHED

(reading on)

"Laying out rocks in the Work Farm courtyard spelling, for the benefit of passing aircraft: "WE ARE AMERICANS -- DO NOT FLUSH TOILET!" -- rather smacks more of method than genuine madness, and --"

MCMURPHY

I act'ally did that?
(turning to Spivey)
I musta blacked out, Doc, I just
don't remember!

There is the beginning of general laughter from the other inmates.

RATCHED

(replacing the log
book on its pedestal)
This is not a terribly constructive
meeting, boys. We'll continue
tomorrow.
(Spivey begins to
object)
Doctor, may I see you in your
office?

AT BROMDEN

He is sitting in chair, watching Spivey and Ratched.

AT RATCHED AND SPIVEY - BROMDEN'S POV

A Bromden "vision." Fog is just beginning to seep up from the floor, and the Inmates slowly disperse like leaden toy soldiers, each Inmate affixed to a round metal plate gliding over the floor as if moved or activated by giant magnets under the flooring. Among the Inmates, only McMurphy is not thus transformed, and stands motionless, hand holding hat as he scratches his head, puzzled; thinking. Around him alone there is no fog. CAMERA SLOWLY PANS, then ZOOMS to Spivey and Ratched. We HEAR no sound, but they are talking; rather, Ratched is talking, as Spivey merely nods his head every now and then. Spivey is locked in the grip of a straightjacket.

FULL HIGH SHOT

with everything normal, the Inmates slowly dispersing, those who participated in the group discussion averting their gaze from their victims. Harding is settling down at table, reaching for pipe and tobacco.

AT TABLE

Seated, with chairs angled to side so they need not face each other, are Harding, Bibbit and Cheswick. The latter two stare guiltily at floor. McMurphy comes into SCENE, takes a chair, turns it around and straddles it, facing Harding. No one speaks as McMurphy takes cigarette from shirt pocket, lights it, tosses away match, deeply inhaling, then blowing out a slow stream of smoke.

MCMURPHY
Nice little peckin' party.

HARDING
(lighting pipe;
feigned good spirits)
Didn't get that.

MCMURPHY
(eyeing cigarette tip)
Flock catches sight of a speck o' blood
on some poor chicken and they all go ta
peckin' at it, see, 'til they rip it ta
blood an' bones an' feathers.

BIBBIT
(defensively)
It's what we're supposed to be --

MCMURPHY
(over him)
Quiet, kid, you got a mean streak in
ya that I just can't believe.

HARDING
(forced cheeriness)
But he's right. He's supposed to.
It's all meant to help me.

MCMURPHY
You really believe that crap?

HARDING
(with a strained
little laugh)
Nothing anyone said was meant personally.

MCMURPHY
(indicating Cheswick)
He calls you a faggot 'n ya say that
ain't personal?

Harding's cheeriness is more forced and strained now as with
slightly trembling fingers he tamps down pipe bowl and strikes
another match to relight his pipe.

HARDING
No, not at all.

MCMURPHY
My achin' ass! Buddy, that was a peckin'
party and guess who got first peck --
(thumbing back at
Nurse's Station)
-- that bitch on wheels,

(Cont.)

MCMURPHY (Cont.)

(Harding shaking head,
rejecting the notion)
and she sure wasn't aimin' at your eyes,
there, friend, she was beakin' ya three
feet south of 'em, right in the jewels,
the family jewels.

HARDING

(gaze averted; low)
That's mad.

MCMURPHY

Oh, yeah? Well, let me tell ya --

HARDING

(gaze more vacant and
staring, as softly:)
Mad.

MCMURPHY

When ya fight someone bigger 'n strong-
er, ya give him the knee. It don't make
you strong, but it makes the guy you're
fightin' weak, and that's what she's
doin' ya ya, buddy, she's kneein' ya.
She ain't givin' one knee; she's givin'
ya both!

(as McMurphy turns to address
the others, Harding is slow-
ly turning his trance-like,
wide-staring gaze to him)
For a while there I thought I was back
in that Commie prison camp, fer --

HARDING

Yes, you are quite mad.

MCMURPHY

What's -- ?

Harding is leaning toward him, eyes agleam with some unstable
emotion, and as he speaks -- extremely rapidly -- his eyes grow
more feverish, and he progressively comes more unglued.

HARDING

Mad as a Hatter, dear heart, even madder
than the jolly old fat man who slid down
our chimney here once upon a Christmas.
He was wearing a funny red suit and a cap
and said, "Ho, ho, ho!" as he reached in
his sack and then started distributing
gifts to the patients, sir, whereon Warren

(Cont.)

HARDING (Cont.)

and Williams did seize him and clap him in irons upstairs in "Disturbed" where he's been for some years now, and yet he is not quite so mad, sir, as you!

MCMURPHY

(bewildered)

What the -- ?

HARDING

Ratched a bitch, sir? Why Ratched's an angel, a sweetheart, a mother, the tenderest guardian of our safety! I am even informed, sir, by certain sources who are also in touch with dear Mister Martoni, that every spare moment not spent by Miss Ratched right here on this ward finds her helping the needy! From door to door she goes, like a vision, distributing napalm to the poor! She appears! "There's our ministering angel!" they cry, dropping tears of pure joy as she throws them their package, and then a fond kiss! "Oh, Miss Ratched, come back!" they implore as she leaves them; "Miss Ratched, we only want to thank you! Yes, we -- "

(he chokes on a sob;
tears stream down; a
husky whisper:)

Oh, the bitch! The bitch! The bitch!

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Pretending to be absorbed in some activity, Ratched covertly glances at scene in Day Room with dark suspicion.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

Harding, back under control, wipes at eyes with handkerchief as Jules and Martoni move into SCENE, b.g., observing, and:

HARDING

You're right about all of it...all of it ... all of it.

MCMURPHY

Well, then why do ya take it, you guys? Tell her off!

HARDING

Oh, how grand! And be branded "potential assaultive!"

MCMURPHY

So what?

CHESWICK

Then they ship you upstairs to "Disturbed."

HARDING

That's the graduate laughing academy.

JULES

Straightjackets!

BIBBIT

(face up close to
McMurphy's)

No "TV!"

MCMURPHY

(at Bibbit)

I'm so damned scared I just peed in
my pants.

HARDING

(enigmatically)

She has other resources.

MCMURPHY

That's right, she's got you! Hell,
show some guts! You're not rabbits,
you're --

(breaks off, grabbing
up deck of cards from
table and shuffling)

Ah, what's the use! Forget it! Ain't
no skin off my nose!

All the Irmates around McMurphy look away, despondent.

HARDING

Not a man in this ward could beat her
down.

MARTONI

No, sir. Not all of us put together.

HARDING

Not a man in this ward.

McMurphy freezes his laying out of solitaire, flicking his gaze up at Harding, then at one of the others, as all now slyly observe him. His eyes go to the cards; he riffles the edge of the deck a few times, considering something; a beat, then he quickly resumes his game, and is apparently absorbed in it again. The Irmates look away, their disappointment almost audible, like

a sigh from the depths of their being. A beat; two; three; then McMurphy, as he plays, begins to chuckle. The inmates turn to the extraordinary sound. McMurphy continues his solitaire as:

MCMURPHY

You guys sure do give up easy.

HARDING

(cautious hope
leaping up)

Give -- ?

MCMURPHY

I got the message. I was only just try-
in' ta decide on what odds -- 'n I think
two-to-one.

HARDING

(bewildered)

Two-to- -- ?

MCMURPHY

Lissen, I ain't in this place for my
health. Now if you'll put up forty,
I'll put up twenty that inside of seven
days -- count 'em, seven! -- I get
Boogeybitch Nursie ta where she don't
know if she just ate her lunch or got
banged in the shower.

The men cluster about, excited, as Harding digs into a pocket for his wallet and:

BIBBIT

(childlike jubilation)

Hot diggety!

HARDING

Bet, sir!

CHESWICK

Hey, me too!

BIBBIT

(plucking at wallet)

And me!

MCMURPHY

(pushing wallet down)

Just an "I.O.U." Write 'em down.

And as the men form a line in front of Bibbit, the latter sitting at table with pencil and card game scorepad, McMurphy rises, pounding on table with flat of hand as he spiels, like a circus pitchman:

MCMURPHY

(continuing)

Hey, hurry, hurry, step right up! It's
the battle o' the century! "Crazy Red,"
in the polkadot straightjacket, versus
"Boogeybitch -- "

AT FRONT OF NURSE'S STATION

Suspicious of what she observes, Ratched lowers the volume of the
MUSIC and slides back glass panel.

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

-- Ratched in white! She walks, she
t- -- !

RATCHED

McMurry!

AT MCMURPHY
turning to:

RATCHED (O.S.)

Mr. McMurphy!

MCMURPHY

You called, Miss Ratshit?

AT RATCHED

abruptly flustered; then putting on a smile.

RATCHED

Mr. McMurphy -- is there some sort of
gambling going on over there?

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

(calling out)

No, Ma'am!

AT MCMURPHY

turning back to his group.

MCMURPHY

This ain't gamblin' -- this is stealin'!

INT. HIGH FULL SHOT - DORMITORY - DAY

Early morning. The men are asleep, but some stir, awakened
by the O.S. SOUND of McMurphy simultaneously BRUSHING TEETH
and raucously SINGING.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR FRONT TRACKING SHOT RATCHED - DAY

We HEAR McMurphy O.S. as Ratched grimly strides down the corridor.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

As Bromden rises, moves to door, looks out and observes as Ratched comes into FRAME, halting and knocking at latrine door, from behind which we HEAR McMurphy SINGING and BRUSHING TEETH; also SOUND of TAP WATER RUNNING.

INT. LATRINE - DAY

We HEAR McMurphy UP FULL, but O.S., as we are TIGHT AT WASH BASIN. McMurphy's hands come into FRAME, rinsing out toothbrush under tap, and then turning off faucet. During this we HEAR the KNOCK-ING at door and:

RATCHED (O.S.)
McMurry! Mr. McMurry!

CAMERA assumes McMurphy's POV, moving to latrine door. Door is opened, disclosing Ratched.

RATCHED
McMurry, you're disturbing the --

She breaks off, horrified, stifling a gasp at:

INT. EAST WING CORRIDOR - LATRINE DOOR - DAY

McMurphy, toothbrush in hand, is attired only in cap and a towel knotted around his hips. He is disclosed to be tattooed on both arms and shoulders: "FIGHTING LEATHERNECKS" and a Cupid's heart with an arrow through it.

MCMURPHY
(smiling brilliantly)
Mornin', Miss Ratched, how's tricks?

RATCHED
(regaining composure)
They're increasingly complicated by the element of surprise. Like finding you wandering about in a towel.

MCMURPHY
That against ward policy?

RATCHED
Go to your room and put on your clothes.

MCMURPHY
But Miss Ratshit, --

RATCHED
(interrupting)
And watch your enunciation. Now I

(Cont.)

RATCHED (Cont.)
don't want an argument. Get out of
that towel, and get out of it this -- !

She gasps, horrified, throwing hand to mouth, her shocked gaze
dropping to McMurphy's hips.

SIDE ANGLE MCMURPHY NURSE
He is three-quarter to CAMERA and quite nude, the towel dropping
to his feet.

MCMURPHY
Sure a peculiar ward policy, Ma'am,
but I ---

AT RATCHED
averting her gaze, face flushed.

RATCHED
Put that towel back on this instant!

MCMURPHY (O.S.)
Butchya --

RATCHED
On this instant!

MCMURPHY (O.S.)
Ma'am, I don't know what ta say.

ANOTHER ANGLE RATCHED MCMURPHY
McMurphy is knotting the towel at his hips, eyes glued to the
task.

MCMURPHY
(continuing)
Nothin' I do ever seems ta please ya
no matter how hard I try ta --

As he looks up, he breaks off, for Ratched has turned and
walked stiffly away. She rounds corner, heading for Nurse's
Station, disappearing from view. McMurphy starts to chuckle.
Then singing in high good spirits, he enters private room.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Ratched approaches, enters, on edge. She pulls open desk drawer,
extracts a pack of cigarettes, lights one, nervously exhales
smoke as she sits on edge of desk, staring vacantly down toward
floor. As if of its own volition, her hand slides up to her
breast, stroking once upward, once down.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

McMurphy, Harding, Bibbit, Cheswick, Martoni and Jules are play-

ing cards as Bromden observes from the near B.G. Each player has a pile of toothpicks before him, McMurphy's pile being by far the largest. Cheswick is checking his meager toothpick pile as:

CHESWICK

Jeez, I'm down eleven bucks.

MCMURPHY

(dealing)

Ah-hey-a, hey-a, come on suckers! The smoke house is empty an' the dealer's baby needs new opera pumps!

(at Cheswick)

Do ya hit or ya sit?

CHESWICK

I'll stick.

MCMURPHY

With a trey in the hole he says he sits.

(at Harding)

Whatchya do? I'm waitin'. Do ya hit or ya -- ?

RATCHED (O.S.)

Boys?

As Ratched comes into SCENE:

MCMURPHY

Hiya doin', Ma'am? Wanta sit in?

RATCHED

Are you playing for money?

MCMURPHY

(picking up toothpick to show her)

And break ward policy, Ma'am? We're only playin' for toothpicks. See?

RATCHED

But those toothpicks could represent money. They --

MCMURPHY

(looks to his shirt cuff, onto which a small note is pinned, and from which he reads:)

"Contra factum non valet argumentum,"
Ma'am -- no argument's got any validity against a fact.

(Cont.)

MCMURPHY (Cont.)
(holding up toothpick)
And that is a toothpick.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

AT BROMDEN

seated in chair in corner. We HEAR O.S. discussion of group meeting. Slowly, very slowly, Bromden turns gaze toward the sound. Meantime:

RATCHED (O.S.)
We were talking about your problem,
Dale, your possible sense of uncertain-
ty about your manhood.

HARDING (O.S.)
Yes.

AT GROUP MEETING

McMurphy has now stationed himself in the semi-circle with the rest of the group. Ratched and Spivey are in center, as usual.

RATCHED
Is it fair to suggest you may -- ?

MCMURPHY
(raising hand enthusias-
tically, waving it at
Ratched, like a grade
schoolboy)
Ma'am? Miss Ratched?

RATCHED
(smiling)
Yes?

MCMURPHY
This discussion's sure started me
thinkin', Ma'am. I been thinkin' about
it since yesterday, 'n I remember when
I was a kid, I mean, age eight or nine,
well, I danced with a boy.
(terrible concern)
Does that mean I'm a queer?

RATCHED
I believe we're discussing Mr. --

MCMURPHY
The boy I was dancin' with, Ma'am, he
was soft. Now I'd sure like an answer,
'cause when ya don't answer it makes me
real nervous. Now, c'mon, am I queer?

Ratched peripherally notes that Spivey is covering a smile.

RATCHED

(smiling)

Don't you think that's quite doubtful in view of your record?

MCMURPHY

What record?

RATCHED

Your rape of a teenaged girl.

MCMURPHY

Ma'am, I said I was crazy, didn't say I was choosey!

(turning to Spivey quickly)

Doc, I gotta tell ya about my dream. See, I dreamed I was --

CLOSE AT RATCHED

her eyes narrowing dangerously; she is inwardly seething as:

MCMURPHY (O.S.)

-- Superfag, posin' as Willard Kent, mild-mannered president of the U.S. of A. Well, along comes this --

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

FRONT SHOT RATCHED

Lifting a sheet of paper through CAMERA POV.

INSERT: BULLETIN BOARD

Pinned to it is a chore sheet on which is typed: "PERMANENT LATRINE DUTY: MCMURPHY."

INT. LATRINE - DAY

WE are on WILLIE, sitting on wash basin, munching an apple, a brown paper lunch bag in his lap. In the long mirror over the basins, we see McMurphy's reflection. He is moving from toilet stall to toilet stall, pouring some solution from a bucket into each toilet and flushing.

WILLIE

That ain't gonna cut it.

MCMURPHY

That's clean enough. I'm just fixin' ta pee in these things, not cook a freakin' bouillabaisse.

WILLIE
(shaking head)
Man, ah warnin' ya, that ol' Miss Rat-
ched, she even look underneath the rims
with this tee-tiny mirror.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - DAY

Passing an occasional Student Nurse or INTERN in the hall, Rat-
ched strides militantly toward CAMERA to the beat of portentous
DRUM FLOURISHES in time with her step. She pushes open latrine
door and enters.

INT. LATRINE - DAY

We are on McMurphy, who right-shoulder-arms a dry mop and salutes.

MCMURPHY
Latrine all secured and ready for in-
spection, Ma'am!

AT RATCHED
eyeing McMurphy dismally and blowing on small pocket mirror, then
wiping it with handkerchief as she swiftly turns to side and
strides into first toilet stall, the MILITARY DRUM FLOURISHES
sounding again.

SIDE ANGLE THE STALLS
Ratched is out of view, inside stall. McMurphy stands outside,
smiling, arms folded. The DRUM FLOURISHES cut out and we HEAR
TOILET SEAT being lifted, BANGING against wall. A beat. Then:

RATCHED (O.S.)
This is an outrage, an outrage!

MCMURPHY (O.S.)
No, Ma'am, that's a toilet, a toilet.

She has exited stall, swooping into the next one, McMurphy fol-
lowing her in. Both are out of view as:

RATCHED
The area underneath the rims hasn't
even been touched, McMurry,
(as we HEAR LID RAISED)
it's shocking.

MCMURPHY (O.S.)
It's all part o' life's rich pageant,
Miss Ratshit.

RATCHED (O.S.)
McMurry, I've cautioned you about
your diction.

MCMURPHY (O.S.)
Gee, I'm sorry, Miss Ratshit, am I
sayin' somethin' wrong?

RATCHED (O.S.)
What's this little slip of paper doing
taped to the rim? Something's written
on it. What? All the letters are
backwards.

MCMURPHY (O.S.)
Lemme look in the mirror.

RATCHED (O.S.)
Never mind that, I will look in the
mirror.
(reading)
"This - too - shall -- "

MCMURPHY (O.S.)
Pass?

Ratched swoops out of the stall and into the next with:

RATCHED
This is really disgraceful, just dis-
graceful! I've never seen -- !

McMurphy has remained out of view in the stall before, and we
HEAR the unmistakable sound of McMurphy urinating.

RATCHED (O.S.)
(outraged bawl)
Mister McMurry!

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

McMurphy is at table, flanked by Harding, Bibbit and other prin-
cipals. As he stares at Harding -- and as the usual line of
attendants pass in b.g., slopping out the food in rapid succession

McMurphy's hand is automatically rotating his plate like a "Lazy
Susan" just as each item is about to hit it, so that each serving
is kept separate and distinct from the others. During this:

MCMURPHY
Ya mean it? Ya'll back me up?

HARDING
I can hardly wait to see her face.

INT. DAY ROOM - TRACKING SHOT - DAY

As Inmates work at easels, painting, McMurphy, wearing painters' smock and affecting beret, beards Spivey and Ratched, who are inspecting the canvases.

MCMURPHY

(at Spivey)

The Series is on! The World Series, Doc, tomorra!

(at Ratched)

Didn'tchya give him my note!?

RATCHED

(at Spivey)

He's requested that the cleaning schedule be altered so as to accommodate the viewing of television in the afternoons instead of at night.

(at McMurphy)

Doctor Spivey can tell you that the schedule of activities now in force has been set up for delicately balanced reasons. Any switch in routine would create confusion.

MCMURPHY

You sayin' no?

RATCHED

I'm --

MCMURPHY

I heard someone say we could vote on ward policy.

(at inmates)

Hey, how many of you guys want ta watch the World Series?

CHESWICK

(raising hand; a defiant look)

Ay.

MCMURPHY

(looking around, incredulous)

You're kiddin!' That's it? No one else?

RATCHED

It appears so.
(consulting notepad)
Now --

Ratched has started to look down, reaching for her notepad, then reacts, looks to side -- then to another spot -- another, stunned.

AT GROUP MEETING INMATES - RATCHED'S POV
One after the other they raise their hands until all are up. McMurphy is staring straight at the o.s. Ratched (and into CAMERA) his lips stretched taut in a monumental grin.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ratched swallows her surprise, and picks up her aplomb by the edges. She also picks up her pad, making as if to proceed with other matters.

RATCHED

I am sorry, Randle. I count
only twenty. Now --

MCMURPHY

What are ya talkin' about, there,
lady! Twenty's all that there
is!

RATCHED

(flipping pages and
making busy)
No, the vote is defeated. All
told there are forty-one patients
on the ward.
(glancing to empty
wheelchair with dark
stain on seat; blastic's)
No, I'm sorry, forty.

MCMURPHY

What -- ?

RATCHED

Changing ward policy requires a
majority. The voting is closed.

MCMURPHY

(pointing to the
"Vegetables")
You mean you're countin' them
old birds over there?!

RATCHED

Doctor, didn't you explain about
our voting procedure?

SPIVEY

(at McMurphy; embarrassed)
I'm afraid she's right. You don't
have a majority.

MCMURPHY

Are you kiddin'? Is that how you
work all this democratic bullshit?!

RATCHED

(at McMurphy)
Why, you seem so upset.

MCMURPHY

You're Goddam right I'm upset!
We've just been screwed!

RATCHED

(at Spivey; low)
Are you noting his reaction?
It's --

MCMURPHY

(leaping up, rushing
to the Chronics)
Wait a second, wait a second,
gimme just a second ta talk to
'em!

RATCHED

(at Spivey, low and
significantly)
We'll have to discuss him.
(calling to McMurphy)
The voting is closed!

MCMURPHY

(waving her off)
Like hell it's closed!
(up to Wilson, whose
head is bandaged)
Hiya doin', old buddy? Wanna
watch the World Series? Just
raise your hand! Wanna --
(gives up and moves to
Ellis)
What about you? Wanna watch the
World's Series?
(pulls imaginary nail
from Ellis' pinned hand)
I'll pull out the nails! Raise
your hand! Willya raise it?

(Cont.)

MCMURPHY (Cont.)

(next is Bromden)

Chief, putchyer hand up!

(raises own hand up
twice, demonstrating)

This! Do this!

(pointing to own mouth)

Here, watch my lips, Chief, raise
your -- !

(moves to Ruckly in
desperation as Bromden
fails to respond)

Ruckly!

(turns, appealing to
all, desperate)

Anybody! Somebody! Jesus, some-
body raise their -- !

He abruptly halts, turning to stare back toward Bromden.

AT HARDING

staring at something o.s., stunned.

HARDING

Bromden!

AT BROMDEN

Eyes on McMurphy, he slowly raises his hand as McMurphy rushes
into SCENE, stares triumphantly toward the o.s. Ratched.

MCMURPHY

He did it! Twenty-one! That's
twenty-one! Yahooo! Yippee!

AT RATCHED

rising stiffly, blood draining from face as she stares toward
McMurphy as we HEAR the Inmates CHEERING O.S.

RATCHED

Mister Bromden is catatonic and had
no sense of what he was doing!
He merely was imitating your action:
"Monkey see; monkey do!" The vote
was in --

(she isn't being heard)

The vote ---

No one is paying any mind. She turns and walks stuffly out
of the Day Room as the Inmates continue CHEERING O.S.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Ratched sits at desk, staring out at the men in the Day Room
setting up chairs around the TV set. We are SHOOTING over her
at them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As he eyes the blank TV screen.

MCMURPHY

Hoo boy, looka that! It's a
hit! He punched it right straight
up the middle!

(removing cap and
wacking his knee
with it)

Run, you mother-lovin' turtle,
run! Two bases! Try for two!
Look out, look out, here comes
the throw! Get back!

And as Martoni's glance darts suspiciously back and forth
between the two of them:

HARDING

(catches on; eyes screen)

He's hung up between second and
first!

ANGLE TO DISCLOSE NURSE

staring popeyed through station glass as she slides back
panel of medication window.

HARDING

He'll never make it!

CHESWICK

(as all now get it)

Back! Get back!

MARTONI

Are we watchin' the same game?

AT RATCHED

We are SHOOTING through Station glass door as she marches for
us, livid and going out of control. CAMERA TRACKS with her
as she heads for the TV set. During the above:

BIBBIT'S VOICE

He missed the throw!

MCMURPHY'S VOICE

Go, go! Take third! Take third!

General cheering and exhorting from all the men now as:

JULES' VOICE

Here comes the throw!

SIMULTANEOUSLY

RATCHED
(building from an
intense murmur to
an eventual shout:)
Stop it! I command you to
stop it! Stop it! Stop it,
stop it, stop it, stop it --

HARDING'S VOICE
Overthrew it again! It's gone
gone into the outfield!

MCMURPHY'S VOICE
Home, take home, you mother!

BIBBIT'S VOICE
Slide! Slide!

MCMURPHY'S VOICE
(amid general
cheering)
And he's in there! An
infield -- !

ZOOM TIGHT AT RATCHED'S MOUTH
gaping wide in a frenzied:

RATCHED
(screaming)
STOOOOOOOOPPPP IIIIIIIIIIIIIITTT!

AT MCMURPHY
turning to eye o.s. Ratched as the CHEERING persists despite
her cry.

MCMURPHY
Hiya doin' there, Nursie? Mind
bringin' me a red-hot 'n a can o'
beer? Kinda heavy on the mustard.

INT. EAST WING - SHOOTING TOWARD DORM DOORS - NIGHT

The CAMERA TRACKS FRONT with McMurphy, in his sleeping garb,
chuckling as he heads for his room, counting a roll of bills:
his winnings.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

AT BROMDEN
He is on his knees, plucking at the underside of his bed.
Suddenly he looks toward door, smiling, as we HEAR it open
and close. ZOOM TIGHT to Bromden's eyes.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

It is what Bromden sees. Blue sky, tall pines, and the falls,
salmon leaping up from the pool at its base. The vision lasts
only for a beat. Then we are:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - MCMURPHY AT DOOR - NIGHT

MCMURPHY

What in the -- ?

ANOTHER ANGLE

as McMurphy kneels by bed, looking up at its underside, feeling
as:

MCMURPHY

Whatcha got underneath the bed,
there, Chief?

(whispering, kidding
Bromden)

Say a woman, a woman, a --

He halts, feeling something on the bed's underside. His brow furrows and he turns a puzzled look on Bromden as his hand starts roaming all over the bed's underside. Then he plucks something off it, stares down at it, then up at Bromden again.

MCMURPHY

Gum! Judas priest, ya got five
hundred pieces o' gum stuck up
there!

(rising and going to
wardrobe, digging into
uniform pocket)

Whatchya savin' for, a real chewy
totem pole, kiddo?

(finds pack of gum
in uniform, tosses
to Bromden)

Here, chew on some Juicy Fruit.

As Bromden unwraps a stick of gum, McMurphy moves to bed, sitting back, elbows propped, sighing with satisfaction. He eyes the wad of bills in his hand.

MCMURPHY

(smiling)

Well -- we made it. We buried
the bitch.

McMurphy suddenly darts a glance of startled but cool surmise at Bromden as the latter turns his head toward window and the SOUND OF GEESE HONKING as they fly over hospital. McMurphy's gaze quickly drops as Bromden checks him with an apprehensive glance, then rises and sits on bed, feasting on his gum like some rare delicacy.

MCMURPHY

(musing)

Honkers. Canada honkers flyin'
south.

The room lights blink out; the hall lights dim.

MCMURPHY

(reciting)

"Wire, brier, limber lock.
Three geese in a flock.
One flew east,
One flew west,
An' one flew over the cuckoo's nest."

A beat. And as the HONKERS begin to fade, McMurphy allows us for the first time to glimpse a deep melancholy under his facade of carefree brashness as he softly adds:

MCMURPHY

Sure a long, long way from home.
(turns gaze to door;
whisper of alarm)
Here comes Turkle makin' bedcheck!

Bromden instantly leaps into bed, frantically pulling the covers up to his neck. McMurphy has not moved. He chuckles. Then:

MCMURPHY

Ya know, I coulda sworn that
somebody told me you was deef.

INT. HOSPITAL STAFF ROOM - DAY

Grouped around a large table are Ratched, Spivey, the First and Second and Third Interns. Papers and folders on table. The Venetian blinds on windows are slanted so that we cannot see outside. The tone of the discussion is almost off-handed.

FIRST INTERN

(at Second)

Schizophrenic?

THIRD INTERN

Maybe Negative Oedipal.

First Intern responds with a "could be" flutter of the hand and pursing of the lips. Spivey picks up dossier and props it open in front of him as:

RATCHED

Well, one thing we're all agreed
upon: he's disturbed.

SPIVEY

(a murmur, intended to
be overheard; absorbed
in dossier)

And very disturbing.

RATCHED

Beg pardon?

SPIVEY

(at Ratched)

Nothing pregnant.

THIRD INTERN

(lighting pipe)

Do we send him upstairs?

SECOND INTERN

Are you really convinced he's
"potential assaultive?"

FIRST INTERN

(indicating dossier)

Well, look at his record.

SPIVEY

(still absorbed in
dossier; but a sly
side-glance at
Ratched; we feel he's
baiting her)

We just can't seem to control
him. Hmph. Extraordinary man.

SECOND INTERN

Too hot to handle?

SPIVEY

(with a smile)

Miss Ratched's more qualified to
comment on that. She's been
taking the heat, as they say.

THIRD INTERN

Then I vote transfer.

RATCHED

I do not.

SPIVEY

(feigned surprised)

But I -- ?

RATCHED

Yes, I know. It was my suggestion
that Mr. McMurphy be sent to
"Disturbed."

(Cont.)

RATCHED (Cont.)

(smiling; turning on
the charm)

But a woman's prerogative, you
know.

(a little laughter
from the men; then)

I'm thinking of the other patients.
McMurphy's already disturbed them
considerably; Doctor Spivey can
back me on that. If we send him
upstairs, their disturbance will
likely remain unresolved. The
key to them -- or at least in the
context of what he's done to them
-- resides in helping him. How-
ever, he's got to be among them;
they've got to be able to inter-
act. Am I making any sense?

THIRD INTERN

Sold me.

RATCHED

(smiling)

After all -- we've unlimited time
in which to handle his problem.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

RATCHED'S VOICE

It's two-fifteen, boys. Time for
your swim.

AT RATCHED

Picking up bag and Log Book, smiling as:

RATCHED

Now mind the lifeguard, Randle.

And she moves off toward Station; wipes a smudge on station
glass before moving on.

AT MCMURPHY - HARDING

Putting their chairs at table, McMurphy staring over shoulder
at Ratched; then back to Harding, puzzled.

MCMURPHY

I thought the old buzzard was
tougher than this.

HARDING

She's met her master.

MCMURPHY
(still bothered by
something)
Yeah? Only how come she acts like
she's still holdin' all the aces?

INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

REAR FULL SHOT AT POOL
from back of diving board. Naked men splash about in the
pool. The usual indistinct din of voices. Aides hover about
the sides of pool with bamboo poles at the ready to prod
swimmers away when they seek to grab on to the sides. A
nude PATIENT is running to edge of board, and as he starts his
dive:

QUICK CUT TO:

MCMURPHY
He is treading water, talking to a man in LIFEGUARD uniform
crouching by edge of pool. An AIDE starts at Bromden, taking
hold of decking, with bamboo pole.

FIRST AIDE
C'mon, no hangin' on the sides.

MCMURPHY
(breaking off his talk
to call to Aide)
Leave him be, he's deaf!

The Aide glowers at McMurphy, but sullenly moves off as
McMurphy winks at Bromden.

CLOSER ANGLE - MCMURPHY, LIFEGUARD

MCMURPHY
(at Lifeguard)
You were sayin'?

LIFEGUARD
(holding out arm for
McMurphy to look at)
You see this cast?

MCMURPHY
(a look down at arm;
then up into Lifeguard's
eyes)
You ain't got any cast on that
arm, there, buddy.

LIFEGUARD

Well, the reason it's on there's 'cause I got me a real bad fracture in the last game I played against the Browns. I can't get in uniform again 'til the fracture knits and the cast comes off.

MCMURPHY

That right?

LIFEGUARD

Yeah, the nurse on my ward, man, she tells me she's curin' the arm in secret. She says if I go easy on the arm, don't exert it or nothin', she'll take off the cast and I can join the old ball club.
(eyeing arm)
It's comin' along.

To prove the point, he assumes the football lineman's three-point stance with:

LIFEGUARD

Hut, hut!

MCMURPHY

(depressed)

Looks good.

LIFEGUARD

(sitting poolside, legs
in water; abruptly
deflated)

I'm committed. I'd've left here a helluva long time ago if I had any choice. I mean maybe I couldn't ever play first string on account of the arm and all, but I could've folded towels, now, couldn't I? I could of done somethin'. Right? That nurse on the ward, she keeps tellin' the doctor I still ain't ready. Not even to fold towels in the crummy old locker room, she says I ain't ready.

MCMURPHY

Jeez, that's too bad.

LIFEGUARD

(feeling at his arm)
I was picked up for drunk and
disorderly and I been here eight
years, six months, and twenty days.

ZOOM TIGHT TO MCMURPHY
He is stunned.

INT. LATRINE - AT DOOR - DAY

McMurphy angrily barges in, laden with mops, bucket and various
latrine cleaning equipment, and followed by Harding, Bibbit,
and Martoni.

MCMURPHY

Why the hell didn't chya tell
me?!

HARDING

I tried to -- !

MCMURPHY

(moving to toilet stall
with bucket and brush)
Bullcrap, Harding, bullcrap! All
o' ya! Siccin' me on that Nurse
an' ya knew all the time she could
keep me stuck in here 'til doomsday!
(looking up, pointing
to the others)
They ain't crazy, Lord! Kill 'em
now while ya got the chance, or
they're gonna take over!
(starts vigorously
brushing toilet bowl)
Christ, what con men!

BIBBIT

Randle -- !

MCMURPHY

Get the hell outta here, all o' ya!
I don't wantchya trackin' dirt in
all over the floor! Ya hear me?
I'm gonna have this shithouse
sparklin'! From now on, when ya
come ta take a pee, you're gonna
have ta wear sunglasses! Now get
the hell out an' get off my back!

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

Group Meeting. McMurphy sits off in a corner, cap tilted over his eyes, silently practising his one-handed cut as Ratched and Spivey are settling into their chairs.

RATCHED

Now, then, who wants to start off?

CHESWICK

Ma'am, we got together yesterday and kinda decided that we oughtta take a vote on this cigarette rationin'. A pack a day just ain't enough!

RATCHED

But I've never seen you smoke any more than --

CHESWICK

(rising; belligerently)
Listen, that ain't the point! I mean, what the hell am I, some snot-nosed kid's got to have his cigarettes held back like cookies! Now we want somethin' done about it!

(looking to McMurphy)
Ain't that right, Mac?

AT MCMURPHY

He doesn't look up; just continues practising his cut.

AT CHESWICK, GROUP

CHESWICK

I said, ain't that right, Mac?!

No response.

RATCHED

(at Cheswick)

Please sit down, Mr. Cheswick, you're --

CHESWICK

(shouting)
Listen, I want somethin' done, goddamit, I ain't no little --

(Cont.)

CHESWICK (Cont.)

(stamping his foot)

kid!

(at inmates, whose eyes
are cast down)

Ain't you guys gonna say somethin'
dammit!

(Ratched signals with
head to Warren, who
has come into Day Room,
then signals down hall
to someone)

We agreed! We all agreed!

(at McMurphy)

McMurphy! I want somethin' done,
I tell ya!

(at Ratched and group)

Somethin', somethin', somethin',
somethin', goddamit, I tell ya I
want somethin' --

Warren and Williams are suddenly upon him, one pinning his arms
behind his back while the other slips a restraining belt on
him. They hustle him away at Ratched's nod. During the above:

CHESWICK

No, get away, you, leggo o' me!

(he begins to weep)

God, oh, God, I ain't no kid! I
ain't no --

(as they lead him off)

No! McMurphy! Help me! God, do
somethin', Mac! I ain't no kid,
I ain't no --

The rest dissolves into sobs.

AT MCMURPHY

He sits motionless, eyes shaded, as we HEAR Cheswick's sobs
fade away to silence.

AT RATCHED - GROUP

The inmates are staring -- to a man -- toward McMurphy as
Ratched bustles with Log Book and notepad.

RATCHED

(after a look in direction
of McMurphy)

Poor Mr. Cheswick.

(the men turn back front)

Well -- let's see, now. Dale --
want to start?

HARDING

On my wife or the church?

RATCHED

Well, I think we've exhausted the church. Your manhood?

As Harding answers, she stares off at McMurphy, triumphant.

HARDING

Well, I've frequently wondered about it my --

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

As McMurphy enters in sleeping togs, towel over shoulder and toothbrush in hand, Turkle is tying restraining sheet over Bromden, who is in bed.

TURKLE

How you this evenin', Mr. McMurphy?

McMurphy picks up a crayon and moves to wall over his bed, where he has scotch-taped four pages (months) of a calendar. Several boxes have been marked off, and he now draws an "X" through another day as:

MCMURPHY

Fine, ol' buddy, just fine.

TURKLE

(indicating restraining sheet)

Ah likes ta keep it kinda loose so's he kin move, but ol' Miss Ratched done found out 'n got real mad.

MCMURPHY

(getting into bed)

Yeah, that's a shame.

TURKLE

(standing at door; he's hinting McMurphy should do it)

See, if I was tuh do it, ah'd lose mah job.

McMurphy lies on back, hands clasped behind head, eyes fixed on calendar.

MCMURPHY

Sure ain't worth that.

Turkle stares at him, disappointed; turns a pitying glance to Bromden; then lowers head and gaze to floor, dejected. The lights blink out and Turkle slowly exits, head bowed.

FULL SHOT AT MCMURPHY - BROMDEN - FROM DOOR POV

McMurphy slowly rolls over on side, face to wall; then there follows an extended silence during which neither man moves. At long last:

MCMURPHY

(low; he means Bromden)

Leave me alone!

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

It is apparently "Visiting Day." Parents, wives, etc., hold low discourse with various inmates, some of the latter opening parcels of food, cookies, etc. Harding and Fredericks sit at table pondering a chess board, while McMurphy sits nearby flipping through the pages of a magazine. Into the Day Room, then, comes VERA. Tall, well-endowed, with an aristocratic manner and features to match, she is very well-dressed and somewhat tight about the eyes. She looks about the room, spots Harding, moves to the chess table. Harding has spotted her, but looks back to his chess problem and is contemplating it as Fredericks stands in Vera's presence, then moves off as:

VERA

(at Harding)

Hi, honey.

HARDING

(eyeing board)

You're late.

VERA

(leaning over to kiss him)

Yes, I'm sorry, I --

(she does a brief take, reacts coldly as Harding averts his lips, offering her his cheek; her tone turns cold; as she sits, chucking gloves)

Had a rather late night.

McMurphy has stepped into FRAME and up to magazine rack.

VERA

Got a cigarette?

HARDING

(crumpling an empty pack
on table)

Sorry. Fresh out.

VERA

(fumbling through purse
to see if she has any
after all)

Oh yes, as usual.

McMurphy has moved up to magazine rack b.g. and Harding
calls to him, beckoning him to come.

HARDING

Mac!

(turning back to her
as McMurphy replaces
magazine and approaches)

Did you mean that symbolically,
pet?

VERA

(nettled)

Oh, I didn't mean anything at all!

MCMURPHY

Hi, Dale.

HARDING

(indicating)

My wife. She says words without
meaning.

(indicating)

Randle McMurphy.

MCMURPHY

Pleased tuh meetchyuh, Mrs. Harding.

VERA

Oh, I hate Mrs. Harding. Just call
me Vera.

HARDING

I call her my Nemesis. Young Mrs.
Nemesis. It's certainly better
than "better half." After all,
"better half" would imply an
equality, and I'm an inferior.

(at McMurphy)

Sit. Sit down.

VERA

(as McMurphy reluctantly
sits)

Mind offering a girl a cigarette?
Dale's always out. It's a part
of his makeup.

MCMURPHY

(removing pack from
pocket)

I always got cigarettes, Ma'am.
Reason is, ya see, I'm a bum.
I bum 'em every chance I get,
and that's why my pack lasts
longer than his. Dale, here,
only smokes his own.

VERA

(at McMurphy)

Got a light?

She leans forward for the light, affording McMurphy an
electrifying view down the front of her blouse, but he
self-consciously averts his gaze. During this:

HARDING

Prometheus McMurphy versus the
Incredible Colossal Tease.

VERA

Oh, Dale come off it.

MCMURPHY

(starts to rise)

I better be --

SECOND CHARGE NURSE'S VOICE

Your attention, please. Visiting
hours are over.

VERA

(rising with alacrity)

Well! Already!

HARDING

You might make some effort to restrain
your joy!

VERA

Oh, for God's sakes, Dale, I've
got an appointment.

McMurphy starts to rise, wanting no part of this, but Harding again pushes down on McMurphy's hand. He is coming unglued.

HARDING

Oh? And with whom, my faithful darling? And where? In our itty bitty love nest?

VERA

(as McMurphy buries
face in hand)

Which reminds me: some of your friends have been dropping around, and, Dale, I frankly wish they wouldn't.

HARDING

But you've always loved company.

VERA

Not the type with the limp little wrists -- the wrists that flip!

HARDING

Any man who drops around the house to visit you flips more than his wrists!

VERA

Any man who drops around the house has at least got something more to flip!

MCMURPHY

(again ineffectually
trying to leave)

Look --

HARDING

(eyes moist and brimming)

Why in the hell don't you get a divorce, then!

VERA

(eyes also starting to
well up; we sense she
in fact loves this man)

Because you're my status symbol,
Dale! Why you're better than a
solid gold Rolls Royce! A fairy
priest! Why -- !

Eyes wild, Harding leaps up and slaps her. McMurphy is stunned.

VERA

Why in the hell did you marry me?

She turns on her heel and strides away. Harding slowly sits, staring vacantly, falling the last foot or so into chair as his sphincter muscles collapse. His hands tremble wildly, until at last he tucks them between his knees to still them. After a weak and hysterical little laugh, his eyes moistening with tears:

HARDING

Well, what do you think of her?

MCMURPHY

(low; awed)

You're a -- ?

HARDING

(hand flying free and
pounding table in a
fist; savage shout)

Was! I was, you idiot! Not
any more! Eram! I was!

(eyes mad; he is
now unglued; a whisper;
rapidly)

Yes, you see, I was Catholic
and they just couldn't stand
that!

MCMURPHY

Who?

HARDING

(shouting again)

The Church!

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Second Charge Nurse is on phone, edge of FRAME, staring through observation glass at Harding raving and gesticulating wildly. Visitors are leaving, glancing over shoulder at Harding as they go.

SECOND CHARGE NURSE

Look, I'll call you right back!

Hangs up hastily and prepares a hypo.

INT. DAY ROOM - AT MCMURPHY, HARDING - DAY

HARDING

(low and intense;
eyes staring into
table)

Good God, like confessional
breath, my mother, she smelled
like confessions from seven
to nine, the martinis and garlic
and mortal sins belching out
all together and smothering,
smothering! "Bless me, Father...!"
(loud and wild again)
How in God's name could I be their
"father" when I needed a mother?
How dare she die! How -- !

MCMURPHY

(putting hand to
Harding's arm)

Harding!

HARDING

Mother... I must say a "black
mass" in memory of mother.
(builds to a shout)
Pick a mother: Mother Harding,
Mother Church and Mother Ratched,
Mother Ratched, I can't live
without Ma Ratched, I can't
live without my -- !

HIGH FULL SHOT

Harding suddenly collapses into racking sobs as the Inmates
stare, mesmerized with horror and Second Charge Nurse hastens
toward him with a medication cup containing a tranquilizer.

HARDING

Oh, God, I tried, I tried with
Vera. Can't you see? I tried
with Vera, Vera...

Nurse puts comforting hand to back of his neck.

SECOND CHARGE NURSE

Swallow this, dear, it'll make
you feel better.

Harding continues to sob, head in arms on table, as PHONE
begins to RING o.s. from Station. Nurse looks to sound,
then hands medication cup to McMurphy.

SECOND CHARGE NURSE

See that he takes it.

She waddles out of SCENE. Harding lifts head slightly, rubs away tears with knuckle. In a mad whisper:

HARDING

I must say a "Black Mass" in fond memory of mother... in memory of mother... in memory of mother...

McMurphy, during above, has looked from Harding to the medication cup, obviously torn by conflicting impulses, and finally bangs medication cup down on table and walks away, CAMERA TRACKING, as Harding whispers the word "Mother" over and over. McMurphy sits at card table, angrily starts to practise his one-handed out, back to Harding. Martoni is seated at table, eyes on Harding. The latter's gaze begins to follow some movement o.s., then his eyes widen as we HEAR:

HARDING'S VOICE

In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus

(here, McMurphy turns to the voice)

Sanctus. Amen.

DOWN ANGLE AT HARDING

He is in another part of the room now, kneeling on floor, staring up into CAMERA, hands clasped prayerfully. Rapidly, and with a soul-searing longing:

HARDING

Introibo ad altare Dei.

The CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK until the back of a man's bowed head and shoulders are at bottom of FRAME. During this:

HARDING

Ad Deum, qui laetificat juventutem meam. I will go to the altar of God, to God who gives joy to my youth.

REAR UP ANGLE - HARDING

as he solemnly lifts medication cup above his head in offertory. The "altarpiece" before and above him is Ellis, head sagging, arms outstretched in his usual "crucifixion" posture.

HARDING

(elevating cup; with great longing and reverence)

Hoc--est--enim--corpus--meum.

AT MCMURPHY - MARTONI

MARTONI

Jesus! He's consecratin' his
thorazine capsule!

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Second Charge Nurse, eyes on Harding, is buzzing for the
Aides...

INT. DAY ROOM - REAR UP ANGLE - HARDING - ELLIS B.G. - DAY

HARDING

This - is - my - body.

CLOSE DOWN ANGLE - HARDING

as with trembling fingers, the tears starting, he picks pill
out of medication cup, puts it to his mouth for communion.
As fingers near lips, he suddenly collapses in sobs.

FULL DOWN SHOT

Nurse and Warren (as Inmates watch Harding) rush to the latter,
who kneels, hunched over and racked by sobs.

HARDING

I'm not worthy, I'm not worthy,
I'm not --

AT MCMURPHY - MARTONI

McMurphy slowly turns away from the spectacle as, while
Harding continues his "I'm not worthies":

SECOND CHARGE NURSE'S VOICE

All right, dear, all right, now,
you're going to be fine. Now
let's get up and we'll go lie
down. Help him up, there.
Gently.

We are CLOSE on McMurphy now. As he tries his one-handed cut
with trembling fingers, the cards explode apart.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

HIGH FULL SHOT

Inmates and Aides stand poolside in total silence, gazes fixed
on deep end of pool. After about six or even seconds, the
LIFEGUARD and another SWIMMER surface with a body, which they
pull in to poolside.

CLOSER ANGLE - POOLSIDE

as the body is pulled up onto decking. It is Cheswick, dead. His right hand is locked in a viselike grip on the pool's drain grate, so that we know that it had to be suicide.

INT. "X-RAY" ROOM - DAY

Jules is entering, removing shirt, as "X-RAY" TECHNICIAN makes adjustments. Door is open, affording view of the hall and bench against wall on which sit McMurphy and other inmates waiting their turn. Beside McMurphy sit Bibbit, Harding, George, Martoni, Bromden and Sefelt. All are in an attitude of brood, McMurphy with arms folded across chest, head lowered.

X-RAY TECHNICIAN

Take off your ring, watch, medal,
anything metallic.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE "X-RAY" ROOM - DAY

McMurphy sits at one end, brooding into space, arms folded.

MCMURPHY

Quit it!

SEFELT

Quit -- ?

MCMURPHY

I just said, quit it! It wasn't
my fault!

BIBBIT

N-n-nobody said that it was!

MCMURPHY

Okay, then, quit not sayin' it!

McMurphy resumes his brood, during which we HEAR:

X-RAY TECHNICIAN'S VOICE

Take a deep breath -- hold it...

We HEAR a massive door opening o.s., down the hall. McMurphy turns to stare down hall (and toward CAMERA):

AT ELECTRO-SHOCK ROOM - MCMURPHY'S POV

Seated on bench outside, waiting their turn, are several Inmates. Two Aides (THIRD and FOURTH AIDES) lead a struggling INMATE into room.

INMATE

No! No! I don't need it!
Please! I swear it! I swear
I don't -- !

The massive door closes on him, cutting off all sound.

AT MCMURPHY, INMATES

McMurphy turns away, contemplates floor again, head bowed as he runs hand through hair.

MCMURPHY

I just don't seem to be able to
get all this straight in my mind.

SEFELT

(nodding toward Shock
Shop)

You mean "Shock Treatment?"

MCMURPHY

Not just that. I dunno. All
this --

(waving hand in a
circle)

all these things goin' on.

(hand into hair again)

There's somethin' wrong here.

BIBBIT

Ratched.

MCMURPHY

Sure, it's always Ratched -- or
pills, or the Church or Christ
knows what. You're always blamin'
somethin' else. Hell, Ratched
ain't nothin' but a poor old bitch
that ain't never been laid.

BIBBIT

N-n-neither have I. It hasn't made
me bitter.

MCMURPHY

It's made you crazy! What are you -- ?

X-RAY TECHNICIAN'S VOICE

(interrupting as he calls)

Next!

Bibbit enters "X-Ray" room as Jules emerges, buttoning his shirt

SEFELT

Mac, nobody blames you for backin'
off Ratched.

MCMURPHY

(bent over again, running
hand nervously through
hair)

Betchyer ass. I got as much tuh
lose from lockin' horns with her
as any o' the rest o' you guys.

HARDING

(softly)

You've got more to lose. We're
voluntary.

MCMURPHY

Swell.

HARDING

We're not committed.

MCMURPHY

(hasn't registered;
he's still running hand
through hair)

Sure, that an' a dime'll --
(it registers; he
freezes a beat)

Come again?

HARDING

We're not comm --

Harding breaks off abruptly as McMurphy slowly turns and fixes
him with a wild stare. After a beat, stunned and incredulous:

HARDING

(shakes head; then)

We --

MCMURPHY

(interrupting as he
slowly rises, roaring)

Are you bullin' me, you guys?!

BIBBIT

(at "X"-Ray machine)

Nuh-nuh -- !

MCMURPHY

(whirling on him)

Billy, you must be committed, for Chrissakes!

(Bibbit shakes head)

Then why? Will ya tell me why?
Hell, ya oughtta be runnin' around
in a convertible bird-doggin'
girls! Why the hell d'ya stand
for all this crap?!

(turns to another inmate)

Tell me, why do ya stand for it?

(to next inmate)

Why? Tell me why! You gripe, you
bitch for weeks on end about how
you can't stand this place, the
nurse, the freakin' Shock Shop, and
alla the time ya ain't even
committed! Christ, the old guys,
sure, I can see it, but -- !

(at next inmate)

What's the reason?

(at all)

Will ya tell me what's the reason?

Are you bullin' me, you guys,

(a shout)

are you just bullin' me!

AT "X-RAY ROOM" DOOR

as Bibbit steps back from screen, picking up shirt.

BIBBIT

(hysterical and tearful)

C-c-cause we haven't got the g-guts!
I could g-g-g-go outside today if I
had the g-guts!

(coming into hall,

trembling hands fumbling

at putting on shirt)

My m-mother's a r-real good friend
of Miss Ratched's; I could get a
d-discharge signed today if I had
the g-guts!

Giving up on the shirt, he has angrily tossed it away on
"g-guts."

BIBBIT

You th-th-think I wuh-wuh-want
to stay in here? I don't want a
c-c-convertible and a g-girlfriend?
Huh?

(wipes continuously at
eyes with back of hand,
breaking a scab on hand
and smearing blood all
over his face)

But d'jaya ever have people always
laughin' at ya? No, 'c-cause you're
big and you're t-t-tough! W-w-well,
I'm not! You t-talk like we're
stayin' in here 'cause we luh-luh-luh --
(bolts, running off
down hall with:)

Ah, leave me alone!

AT MCMURPHY

staring after Bibbit and an Aide starts after him.

AT BIBBIT

running for stairway door, Aide pursuing half-heartedly.

AIDE

C'mon back here, sonny; you're
gonna hurt youse'f! Slow down!

McMurphy looks down hall, hearing "Shock Shop" door opening.
His gaze follows the Gurney cart wheeled out by an Attendant,
and bearing the Inmate who was dragged in earlier. He is
unconscious, his face an oily, purple bruise.

AT MCMURPHY

McMurphy turns to the Inmates o.s., suddenly reacts at what he
sees.

AT INMATES ON BENCH

They sit immobile, heads turned to McMurphy o.s., staring
fixedly.

SIDE ANGLE - MCMURPHY - INMATES ON BENCH

McMurphy slowly sits on end of bench, staring fixedly at
floor, back bent over.

MCMURPHY

(intense whisper)

Leave me alone!

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

Group Meeting. McMurphy is in his corner, hat over eyes,
practising one-handed cut.

RATCHED

(putting together her
notepad; papers, etc)

You all know what I'm talking
about -- that childish undisciplined
business involving the television
viewing hours. So I think it an
appropriate and necessary punishment
that there be no television viewing
of football games or any other type
of sporting event for a month. It's
not only appropriate, but I think
it will tend to minimize gambling.
Now then, does that seem unfair?

(glances about at them
as they turn to stare
at McMurphy; she, too,
turns to him)

To anyone?

(McMurphy makes no comment,
continues card-cutting;
she rises, smiling)

I thought not.

She moves to Station as Inmates rise, humming with conversation
in undertones as they replace chairs. Spivey walks quickly
out of Day Room. Moments later, McMurphy rises, stretches,
yawning, pocketing deck of cards: He stares toward Nurse's
Station, then heads for it, heels ringing crisply.

MCMURPHY

(sleepily, rubbing at
eye with knuckle of
forefinger)

Sure could use me a smoke. Didn't
pick up my pack yet.

And with a lazy effortlessness, he reaches his hand through
the glass (Medication Window), the sound of its shattering
turning every head to him as he calmly picks up a carton of
cigarettes with his name on it from Ratched's desk, extracts
a pack from it, and replaces carton as Ratched, seated at
desk, stares up in shock.

REACTION SHOTS - INMATES

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

As Ratched sits frozen in shock, McMurphy reaches hand through
hole in Station, tenderly picking bits of splintered glass from
her head and shoulders.

MCMURPHY

Damn it, I'm sure sorry! That glass
in the window was so darned clean
I just forgot that it was there!

And as she sits, stunned, he walks calmly back to his chair,
extracts a cigarette from pack, lights up and picks up a
magazine.

BIBBIT'S VOICE

Yipppeeeeeee!

CLOSE MOVING SHOT - BIBBIT

We HEAR Guy Lomardoish MUSIC from loudspeakers.

BIBBIT

(calling excitedly to
someone o.s.)

Dale! Dale! Look, I'm doin' it,
Dale!

ANGLE WIDENS to reveal he is dancing -- albeit awkwardly --
with McMurphy as some of the others watch and McMurphy looks
down at Bibbit's feet, chanting, "One - two - three - step!"

BIBBIT

Look, I'm dancin', I'm dancin',
I'm dancin'.

As CAMERA PULLS UP to a FULL DOWN SHOT, McMurphy starts to
whirl Bibbit dizzily around the Day Room with:

MCMURPHY

(lustily)

Like Fred Astaire, you slick-
footed devil! Now gimme a kiss!

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - DAY

AT MCMURPHY

He is wearing sweat shirt and shorts and is standing in front
of rear of Nurse's Station. Ratched is rising from desk to
stare out at him. We HEAR BASKETBALLS THUMPING O.S. as
McMurphy faces toward CAMERA, a whistle looped around his neck.

MCMURPHY

(calling toward end
of hall)

Come on, now, drive, you mothers,
drive!

ANGLE DOWN HALL

McMurphy is at side of FRAME, exhorting Harding, Bibbit, Martoni, and George, who are charging toward CAMERA, each dribbling a basketball.

MCMURPHY

Drive! Get the lead out, start rollin' some sweat! Those cocky bastards over in "C" Ward say they're gonna beat our brains in!

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Through rear section, we see McMurphy blow whistle and point to south corridor just as the men come abreast of him, and they veer off, dribbling furiously, in that direction. Ratched is still watching. McMurphy throws her a broad, exaggerated grin, then follows the men. Spivey is pawing through folders in filing cabinet.

SPIVEY

Quite a number of the players have shown improvement in their outlook since the basketball team was organized.

RATCHED

But --

SPIVEY

(taping file folders)

It's here, written down in the records. The proof of its therapeutic value should easily survive any -- closer scrutiny, I should think.

Ratched's gaze turns to follow as McMurphy's and the other players charge by into Day Room.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

We now see that a GLAZIER is tapping a replacement glass panel into Station where McMurphy broke the other: with a cloth, he wipes it as McMurphy points into Day Room, instructing:

MCMURPHY

Okay, now, foul-shootin' practise!

He blows whistle, and moves to Station window, sees Glazier working there, moves around to back door of Station.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

AT REAR DOOR

as McMurphy politely knocks. Ratched opens door.

MCMURPHY

What about that pass, Ma'am?

SPIVEY

(at Ratched)

What pass?

RATCHED

(plucking a sheet of
toilet paper from
uniform waist pocket,
then reading:)

"Mr. Randle McMurphy respectfully
requests permission for an
accompanied pass with a sweet
little twitch named Candy Starr."

SPIVEY

Oh, that one!

RATCHED

I'm terribly sorry, Randle, but
we did discuss it at staff and
decided Miss Starr didn't sound
too reliable.

MCMURPHY

(shrugging philosophically;
then)

Guess them's the breaks.

He closes door after him, returning to Day Room. CAMERA FOLLOWS
Ratched to desk, so that we are SHOOTING OUT at Day Room.
To the side, the men are shooting fouls, but we cannot see the
basket. As Ratched sits at desk, opening drawer to extract some
papers and pen, we see McMurphy, enroute to the men, feeling at
his pockets for cigarettes, then snapping his fingers, and
turning toward station window. The glazier has gone. Too late,
Ratched looks up, stunned as McMurphy again shatters the newly
installed section of glass, reaching in for cigarettes with
his fist. He again snaps fingers, this time in chagrin.

MCMURPHY

Doggone it! When'd they sneak
that glass in there! That thing's
a menace, Miss Ratshit!

(solicitously)

Didjya get any on ya?

AT RATCHED
Maintaining her cool.

RATCHED
I suggest an accompanied pass to
optometry.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

AT NURSE'S STATION
as McMurphy turns away and heads for CAMERA, smiling.

MCMURPHY
(at Inmates)
Come on, come on, you guys!
Think I oughtta send ya up ta
optometry!

FULL ANGLE
disclosing that the inmates are arching basketball shots toward Ellis, who is pinned to wall, as usual, but now has his arms in front of him forming a hoop. McMurphy is walking to him, then pulls Ellis' arms into a wider hoop. We note that his hand is cut and bleeding. During this:

MCMURPHY
God Almighty! Here! I'll make
the basket bigger for ya.
(as a ball goes through
Ellis' arms and Harding
comes in beside him,
eyeing Ellis critically)
Two!

Harding opens mouth to speak, but he is cut off by a quick:

MCMURPHY
Well, as long as he's standin'
there, he might as well be useful!

And he punctuates his statement with an ear-shattering blast on his whistle.

AT NURSE'S STATION
Ratched stares out at Day Room with basilisk eyes.
WHISTLE SOUND CARRIES.

INT. HOSPITAL GYM - DAY

While Inmates watch a team comprised of McMurphy, Harding, Bibbit, Martoni, and Fredericks is playing a team of Negro Aides, including Warren, Williams and Willie. The Inmates have the ball, driving for the basket. McMurphy works into the key, passes off to Martoni, screening out Williams for him, shouting:

MCMURPHY

Shoot!

And as Martoni takes aim at a point some forty-five degrees removed from the direction of the basket:

MCMURPHY

That ain't the basket!

But Martoni has already arched an elegant one-handed push shot at the imaginary point. As Williams and McMurphy leap up for the loose ball, McMurphy cracks Williams resoundingly across face with elbow, sending him thudding to floor, bleeding from the nose. McMurphy taps the ball over to Bibbit, then screens an Aide out for him while Bibbit makes an easy lay-up. Jules, refereeing, blows whistle as the other aides grab at Williams, who is furiously charging for McMurphy.

WILLIAMS

You beggin' foh it, you son of a
bitch, you beggin' foh it!

ANGLE FEATURING WILLIAMS

as the others struggle to restrain him.

WILLIE

Easy, baby --

WILLIAMS

(wild)

Lemme go, ah'll kill 'im! Gonna
kill that no good bastard! He
jus' beggin' foh it, ah tell yuh --

AT MCMURPHY

He is sitting on basketball, smiling innocently at the o.s. Williams, as Bibbit comes into FRAME and crouches beside him.

WILLIAMS

-- he done it on puhpose! He jus'
beggin'!

BIBBIT
(looking o.s.)
That oughtta show 'em!

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The corridors are darkened. Turkle, with flashlight, moves from door to door, checking the private rooms.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

We start close at McMurphy's calendar pages on wall, then tilt down to McMurphy, on his side, facing wall, awake and staring up at the pages, an extreme exhaustion evident in his face. On other side of room, Bromden sleeps. Door opens, Turkle enters with flashlight, shining it on Bromden's bed, first at the foot, then up further; notes the restraining sheet has been loosened.

TURKLE
Hmp. Somebody awready loos'd it.

He flicks off flashlight, sits on edge of Bromden's bed and reaching into pocket for some cigarette paper and "tobacco" bag, starts to roll his own. During this:

TURKLE
(his manner giddy,
inebriated)
Musta been "Redhead." Yeah -- ol'
"Red." Done saved me the trouble.
He sho am makin' a pack foh hisse'f,
though. Ain't that right now,
Mistuh Bromden. Yeah, they'se got
him; that ol'd Combine's got him
good. They gets him a little bit
involved; then a little bit moh;
then befoh he knows how de debil
he gots there, man, they's installin'
things in his haid so's they can
control him wid all dat machinery
in de walls. Thass why you smart,
"Chief."
(ties off end of
cigarette and lights
it, puffs deeply, with
the obvious ritual and
breath-holding techniques
of pot smoker)
You knows dat all you's got tuh do
sometimes is jus' say "Howdeedo?"
an' all of a sudden you's in quick-
sand yellin', "Mama, come an' save
mah great big black an' foolish ass."

MCMURPHY
(without turning)
What in hell are you smokin',
Turkle?

TURKLE
(calm surmise)
Hello, precious sunshine -- here
ah is on "Candid Camera!"

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

CLOSE AT OPEN LOG BOOK
held by Ratched. She reads from it:

RATCHED'S VOICE
Chapter One: "I am born."

AT RATCHED - SPIVEY
as she leafs through page after page filled with McMurphy's
handwriting. Her veneer of calm is badly cracking. Spivey
sits on desk. B.g., a few of the men practice basketball.

RATCHED
(turning the pages)
And then page after page filled
with drivel and the most disgusting
sexual images involving.
(tossing book on desk)
Aides Warren and Williams and myself,
all presented as the content of his
dreams, which he insisted be discussed
at Group Meeting for possible
interpretation.

SPIVEY
(opening Log to find
that section)
I don't recall that.

RATCHED
(slamming shut the
book on his fingers)
You were absent. One of your many
unaccountable absences.

Spivey keeps his gaze fastened on book, mulling the innuendo
of her remark. He removes eyeglasses, wiping a hand at his
eyes.

SPIVEY
You suggest that we send him
upstairs?

RATCHED

(turning to stare at
McMurphy in Day Room,
approaching; low and
intense)

No. He must - remain - with us.
But I --

McMurphy tapes on Station window. Ratched opens it.

MCMURPHY

What about that fishin' trip,
Miss Ratched? Can we charter
that boat on accompanied pass?

(as she starts to
speak; at Spivey)

Hey, Doc, there's flounder
runnin'! Wanna come an' be our
chaperon?

SPIVEY

(his expression tells
us he wants to)

Why, I'd --

RATCHED

(cutting him off)

Yes, we were just discussing it,
Mr. McMurphy, and I think
Doctor Spivey said staff turned
it down.

(at Spivey)

Did I gather correctly.

Spivey gazes at her for a beat, then lowers his head, nods
glumly, and exits, defeated, as:

RATCHED

(at McMurphy)

Sorry.

And as McMurphy philosophically shrugs his shoulders, she slides
closed the window and sits at desk. As McMurphy walks away,
he halts, feeling at his pockets for cigarettes. She looks
up in time to see it, and as McMurphy approaches, she frantically
slides back the window, freezing him in his tracks with:

RATCHED

There is glass in this window,
McMurphy! You're on notice
there's glass in it!

And at this precise moment, an errant (or is it?) pass by Martoni to an imaginary player sends the ball crashing through the station glass facade, shattering it. As Martoni rushes to station, and punctured ball on desk deflates:

MCMURPHY
(eyeing broken pane)
I notice.

MARTONI
(leaning in window)
Ah, it busted! Hey, Miss Ratched
-- make it well again -- please?
Ya know, maybe tape it --

He breaks off as she wordlessly picks up ball and drops it into wastebasket.

MARTONI
(eyeing basket dismally)
Broken dreams.

He turns, and McMurphy puts arm around his shoulder, patting it, as they walk away.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

FRONT TRACKING SHOT - MCMURPHY, MARTONI
Ratched glares expressionlessly from Station b.g.

MCMURPHY
Who the hell were ya throwin' it
at?

MARTONI
(thumbing back
toward station)
The window.

McMurphy grins happily, giving Martoni's shoulder an approving squeeze and a shake. As they walk out of FRAME, CAMERA HOLDS on Ruckly, PUSHING IN to a FULL SHOT. He stares vacuously, a thin trickle of saliva showing at corner of mouth.

CLOSE DOWN SHOT - LOG BOOK ON PEDESTAL
Ratched's hands turn a page -- both sides blank. She turns another -- blank. She thumbs back three pages -- blank.

DOWN SHOT RATCHED AT PEDESTAL
The CAMERA is PULLING UP to a FULL SHOT of Day Room -- empty; early morning; the fog at the windows -- as she stands immobile, contemplating; then slowly closes the Log Book and

moves to Station, leans against it in an attitude of deep thought, fore-finger rubbing back and forth across lips. Then she freezes the movement; stares up at CAMERA.

CLOSE AT BULLETIN BOARD

McMurphy's hand comes into frame ripping fishing trip requisition stamped "APPROVED" from board.

FULL AT MCMURPHY

staring at requisition, amazed. It is early morning.

MCMURPHY

I don't believe it!

(looking up)

She approved it!

(looks around Day Room,
which is empty)

Hey!

INT. EAST WING CORRIDOR - DAY

Racing toward CAMERA, waving requisition form like a banner, is McMurphy.

MCMURPHY

Hey! She approved the fishin'
trip! She -- !

AT DORMITORY FRONT DOORS

As McMurphy's hands come into FRAME throwing doors open, disclosing the Inmates sleeping. They suddenly leap to life as:

MCMURPHY

(bawling at top of
lungs)

Hit the deck, ya greasy lubbers!

REVERSE ANGLE AT MCMURPHY

Triumphant, waving the approval slip.

MCMURPHY

We're headin' on out for the
boundin' main!

EXT. HIGH SHOT COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

A gray, murky morning, thick with ground mist and fog. Along the road tools a hospital station wagon. The SCORE is rollicking: "Over the Bounding Main."

INT. STATION WAGON - FRONT SHOT - PROCESS - DAY

George, wearing gloves, drives. Beside him is Spivey, and next to Spivey, by window, is McMurphy, a can of beer in one hand, and an arm draped over Spivey's shoulder. In the second seat are Martoni (back of George), Harding and Bibbit, and, back of them, Jules, Sefelt and Fredericks. As we come upon them, all -- including Spivey -- are singing:

ALL TOGETHER
(to tune of "My Devotion")
Myyyyyyyyy psychosis is sicker than
Your cheap neurosis.

Spivey cannot contain a breathless, high-pitched and cackly spasm of laughter which brings tears to his eyes so that he must dab at them with handkerchief under the glasses. Every now and then he emits an "Oh!" During this:

ALL TOGETHER
(continuing song)
Don't tell me your dream
'Cause mine is sicker and more Freudian toooooooooo.
Myyyyyyyyyyyyy psychosis is youuuuuuuuuuuuuuu.

General laughter and:

SPIVEY
(wiping at eyes;
gasp laughter)
Oh -- oh, really, that's -- oh
-- oh -- that's good!

HARDING
(leaning forward;
boyish eagerness)
Are we going to have a -- ?
(catches himself;
assumes a tone of
offhanded disinterest)
Are we going to have a prize --
for biggest catch?
(looking about as if
seeking the author
of the idea)
I think someone suggested it.

FREDERICKS
You did.

HARDING
Rubbish!

SEFELT
(at McMurphy)
And a prize for the smallest!

BIBBIT
(his eyes gradually
flaring wide with
shock as he realizes
he is making a
stunning witticism)
We all get that. Th-th-that's
the buh-booby prize!

Another paroxysm of laughter which finds Bibbit in astounded euphoria over his own wit, and McMurphy rolling down window to toss out beer can. He rolls window back up as the laughter tapers to contented sighs, and looks about. Then, satisfied that his flock's morale is up, he settles in for a nap, pulling cap low over eyes as he leans against window.

MCMURPHY
Gotta save my strength. I used
ta hear there was a giant killer
salmon in these waters.

JULES
Moby Lox.

This time the laughter is more subdued, and somewhat nervous and self-conscious.

SEFELT
Hey, Mac, do ya --

SPIVEY
(finger to lips)
Shhhhhhhhh!

And he pantomimes sleep, clasped hands to cheek, and points to McMurphy. Sefelt nods. There follows a period of silence in which an air of unease and anxiety thickens; it is as if the men, with McMurphy asleep, have lost their vivifying principle. Harding turns to stare through rear window of wagon, then checks his watch; looks up.

HARDING
(very low)
Time for medication.

A few more uneasy beats in which the inmates' anxiety and disorientation seems to mount. Spivey settles in for a nap. Bibbit looks back through wagon rear window; then front; then out through side window.

BIBBIT

S-s-sure c-c-cloudy.

SEFELT

Yeah.

FREDERICKS

Miss Ratched said there's gonna
be a storm.

Bibbit continues staring out window; fidgets; then leans
against window, closing eyes, sighing. Martoni leans forward
to George.

MARTONI

You get tired o' drivin', lemme
know.

Instantly, Spivey and Bibbit are bolt upright and wide-eyed
with wakefulness. Spivey sighs. Then he leans over to
check gas gauge as:

GEORGE

I gotta go bathroom.

EXT. FULL SHOT RURAL GAS STATION - DAY

The wagon pulls into station and halts by pump. George
emerges, looks about, and heads for Restroom as Spivey follows
him out of car. A tall, ruggedly-built GAS STATION ATTENDANT
(CAL) emerges from garage where he has been repairing a
car, smiling as he wipes his hands on a rag and approaches
Spivey.

CAL

Howdy.

Spivey then grows uneasy as Cal fixes his openly inquisitive
gaze on the interior of the wagon. The inmates look away,
uncomfortable.

SPIVEY

Good morning. Uh --
(pressing a ten dollar
bill into Cal's hand)
fill it, please. "Regular."

CAL

(gawking into wagon)
Those uniforms.
(turning to Spivey)
You guys from that asylum?

SPIVEY

Yes.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

McMurphy is still napping, and the inmates sink lower and lower into despondency as:

SPIVEY'S VOICE

I mean, no! I mean, they're
from the asylum, but of course
they're a work crew, you see,
not inmates.

Cal leans over, pokes head into wagon window, leering.

CAL

Sure.

George climbs back into the wagon with:

GEORGE

I couldn't go in there. Too
dirty.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

CAL

(at Spivey)

Well, now, let's see, ya
want a tank o' the ethyl?

SPIVEY

The "regular."

CAL

(grinning arrogantly)

Liabla ta clog yer engine.

SPIVEY

(mopping at nervous
perspiration)

Oh, well, the ethyl, then.

CAL

Good thinkin'. An' now what
about windshield wipes an'
oil filters. Ya know --

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

The CAMERA is PANNING the inmates, sinking deeper into
despond.

CAL'S VOICE

-- eighty percent o' the cars on
the road need both?

The CAMERA has now settled on McMurphy, apparently still
napping. Very slowly, his hand comes up to his cap and
tilts it gradually back as:

SPIVEY'S VOICE

Oh, I see.

CAL'S VOICE

We'll fix ya up real fine.

SPIVEY'S VOICE

Uh, where's your restroom?

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Cal nods in direction of restroom, moving to front of wagon.

SPIVEY

(moving off)

Thank you.

Cal grunts, smiling smugly and contemptuously after the
departing Spivey, then turns, lifts hood of wagon partway,
but has it slammed down with a bang by McMurphy, who has
oozed into FRAME, and now leans on the hood, propping
his weight on a forearm. With an ominously casual manner:

MCMURPHY

Just a tankful o' "Regular",
Cal, nothin' else, an' we'll
take it at three cents off on
the gallon. We're a goddamned
government expedition.

CAL

(japingly)

Are you kiddin'?

MCMURPHY

I'm not a kidder, buddy.

CAL

What are you, buddy?

MCMURPHY

I'm criminally insane an' on my
way to San Quentin.

(Cal's face clouds over)
Wanna get that windshield, Cal?

CAL
(uncertain)
Whatchya in fer?

MCMURPHY
Beatin' some smartass keeper ta
death.

CAL
Are you some kind o' bullthrower?

McMurphy slowly raises both hands up close in front of Cal's face.

MCMURPHY
D'jya ever see hands got ta
lookin' like this just from
throwin' the bull?

He turns the hands around for Cal's inspection. The latter's gaze is riveted to them as, after a beat, he gulps audibly.

AT INMATES

To a man, they are deep in despair. Those in the second and third seats seem to have huddled tightly against one another. Bibbit, his face averted from window, is biting lip, silently weeping.

EXT. OCEAN - AT CHARTER FISHING BOAT - DAY

It is swathed in fog. Foghorn hoots once, mournfully. We see the boat from several LONG ANGLES, including one that is from HIGH. The effect desired is one of icy, fearful isolation and helplessness.

EXT. DECK OF FISHING BOAT - DAY

MOVING SHOT AT RAILING SHOOTING TOWARD SEA

A friendly, cheery buzz of CHATTER from weekend FISHERMEN as the CAMERA PANS the RAIL. Abruptly ALL SOUND -- EXCEPT FOR A GENTLE LAPPING OF OCEAN AGAINST HULL -- CEASES as the CAMERA strikes an extended unoccupied section of railing, and then continues on to PAN the backs of the INMATES huddled tightly together.

FRONT MEDIUM HIGH SHOT AT INMATES

On either side of them, fog. They are isolated; frightened. A few hold fishing poles but are clearly withdrawn. A beat. Then McMurphy's heartiness approaches, cutting through the fog like flaming brass. He carries high a thrashing flounder.

MCMURPHY

(barker's spiel)

Hurry, hurry, step right up and see
the incredible Freudian flounder!
Hey, looka what the Doc just caught!
That puts him in the lead, there,
babies, that's what you've got ta
beat!

(moving along the line)

Wanta beer, anybody? George?

Dale? Pretzels?

(each man has shrugged
a despondent negative)

Anythin' at -- ?

(baffled; looks searchingly,
disturbed, along the line
of men)

What the hell's wrong with you guys?!

Here we are on a joyride an' look
like you're dyin'! You sick?

What's wrong?!

BIBBIT

We w-wanta go home.

ZOOM TO TIGHT ON MCMURPHY

as he looks stunned. A beat. Then:

MCMURPHY

(incredulous)

"Home"?!

INT. HOSPITAL SOUTH CORRIDOR - DAY

The inmates, back from the boat trip, are despondently
rounding the corner from east corridor, heading for dormitory.
In the b.g., Ratched is at desk in Nurse's Station. She
rises, moves to filing cabinet, opens drawer just as a
baffled and frustrated McMurphy rounds corner. He halts,
stares at her. She turns, meets his gaze inscrutably. Then
McMurphy trudges on, beaten, running hand through hair
as he shakes his head.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

ANGLE AT RATCHED

Smiling with spiteful satisfaction, she turns back to the
filing cabinet, then suddenly is turned back toward corridor
by a sudden, inchoate o.s. CRY from one of the men (Sefelt),
and:

MARTONI'S VOICE

Jesus!

Ratched eyes glow with a satisfaction as from some unexpected good fortune as we HEAR, from o.s., the THUD of a falling body, STRANGLING SOUNDS, and SOUND of a sudden commotion among the men.

FREDERICK'S VOICE

Catch him, catch him!

Ratched is already reaching for a hypo and exiting station as:

HARDING'S VOICE

Nurse!

INT. SOUTH CORRIDOR - NURSE'S STATION B.G. - DAY

UP ANGLE - MCMURPHY, FISHING TRIP INMATES
staring down, horrified, at:

SEFELT

He is writhing and jerking spasmodically in the throws of an epileptic fit, foaming at the mouth. Williams applies a tongue depressant. Ratched crouches behind him, hand to his forehead. She looks up at group (and CAMERA).

RATCHED

Are rotting gums any worse than
this, Mr. Fredericks? Are they?
Do you still think I parrot the
rules to torment you? That rules
have no reasons? If I am his
enemy and you are his friend,
then heaven defend him from his
friends. Now kindly step back
and let him breathe. This
isn't a sideshow.

(turning to Sefelt;
tenderly rubbing his
cheek)

There, there, Andrew.

McMurphy is deeply disturbed as he notes the reactions of the other inmates, and as, one by one, they give him embarrassed side glances and move away from him.

UP ANGLE - RATCHED

as she ministers over Sefelt. B.g. we see the inmates detach themselves from McMurphy. We HEAR a whispered: "She ain't so bad," and Ratched covertly smiles with spiteful and deep triumph.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Lights out. Bromden is in bed, McMurphy bending over him, untying the restraining sheet with loud, angry yanks. Then he gets into his bed, lies back, head resting on clasped hands, staring up at the calendar pages taped to wall. A beat. Two. Then he slowly and deliberately rips each of them off wall.

INT. MULTIPLE SHOWER STALL - DAY

George and a haggard dispirited McMurphy are showering side by side. McMurphy is lathering himself: offers bar of soap to George, who has none. George shies back.

GEORGE

It's dirty!

McMurphy shakes head, starts to put soap into recessed soap dish, but then stares o.s., seeing:

AT STALL ENTRYWAY

Approaching and leaning hand against partition, a metal tube of ointment in his other hand, is Williams. His nose is bandaged. Outside the shower, among several inmates toweling off, is Warren. Williams stares at McMurphy with some smouldering, unholy anticipation and then flicks his gaze to George. With cheery camaraderie:

WILLIAMS

So yuh went on pass, Big
Georgie, didjya? Have a real
fine time?

GEORGE'S VOICE

Gosh, yeah, it was swell.

WILLIAMS

An' didjya get a little poontang,
Georgie?

AT GEORGE - MCMURPHY

McMurphy is under shower, eyes on Williams; a look of haggard nagging premonition. George grins sheepishly.

GEORGE

(turning off shower)

Huh-uh.

FRONT SHOT AT WILLIAMS

WILLIAMS

(grinning mischievously,
shaking head)

Georgie. Georgie, you's lookin' so

(Cont.)

WILLIAMS (Cont.)

sly. Now come on out, here, George.
Them fishin' boats is --

AREA OUTSIDE STALL

as Williams steps back, uncapping ointment tube, and George, taking towel hanging over top of partition, drapes it around his hips, stepping out of stall. During this:

WILLIAMS

-- dirty, an a man nevuh knows
what kinds o' bugs he might tend
tuh pick up an' we can't have
him spreadin' 'em, Georgie, can
we?

(turns)

Now take the towel off, turn around
'n bend over 'n spread yoh cheeks.

All chatter among the Inmates stops dead. The showers are turned off in staggered disposition, all but McMurphy's. George, staring at the ointment tube, terrified, slams his back against partition.

GEORGE

No!

AT MCMURPHY

lowering his head in weary resignation as:

WILLIAMS' VOICE

Ah, come on, Georgie.

GEORGE'S VOICE

None o' that stuff!

WILLIAMS' VOICE

Now foh all I know you got bugs
crawlin' ovuh youh body a good
inch deep, George.

(head lowered, McMurphy
slowly reaches up a hand
and turns off shower knob,
then rests hand on it,
immobile, as)

Tiny bugs, they calls 'em crabs.

GEORGE'S VOICE

No crabs!

WILLIAMS' VOICE

They gets you by the short hairs,
George, n' -- !

GEORGE'S VOICE

No! No crabs!

WILLIAMS' VOICE

An' drills down deep inside you.

SIDE ANGLE AT GEORGE

backed against wall, Williams squeezing a vile looking jelly from the tube into palm of hand.

GEORGE

(trembling; bulging eyes
on ointment tube)

No! No bugs! I got no bugs!

MCMURPHY

(appearing at entryway;
a look of total, tragic
resignation on his face;
softly)

Okay, leave him alone.

WILLIAMS

(ignoring McMurphy)

They looks exac'ly like a crab,
George,

(indicating size with
thumb and forefinger)

tiny --

MCMURPHY

(still softly; almost
pleading; head lowered,
arm leaning against
partition)

Lay off him.

WILLIAMS

George, bend over.

MCMURPHY

(as George gasps, trying
to melt into wall)

I said that's enough.

WILLIAMS

If yuh don't bend ovuh, George,
ah'll lay mah hand on you!

(holding out hand
with ointment on it)

Ah'll put this black! filthy!
stinkin'! hand all ovuh you!

GEORGE

(screaming)

No hand!

Williams swiftly squirts a stream of ointment across George's stomach, and as George doubles over, painfully sucking in air, Williams rubs ointment into his hair, smearing it all over his head. George wraps both hands across his stomach and screams.

WILLIAMS

Now turn aroun', George.

MCMURPHY

(stepping out of stall)

I said that's enough.

This time, the tone of McMurphy's voice turns Williams around to him. Williams grins, looking him up and down.

WILLIAMS

Well, well, well. Ah was startin' tuh think that we was nevuh gettin' down to it.

MCMURPHY

(without venom)

Goddam motherhumpin' nigger.

WILLIAMS

(at Warren)

Now whut's this boy drivin' at, Warren? Think he wants me tuh take the initiative?

(laughs; then)

Don't he know that we's trained tuh take all kinds insults from these crazies?

Williams has turned away from him to George, twisting his arm behind him -- still doubled over -- and turning him to face wall, with:

WILLIAMS

Okay, now, George, le's spread those --

GEORGE

Noooo! Nooo! Pleassssssse!

McMurphy has stepped into Williams and shoved him away from George as:

BIBBIT

N-no, Mac!

MCMURPHY

(at Williams; total
despair and resignation)

Okay, Williams. Okay.

WILLIAMS

(at Warren)

Now he forcin' me tuh defend
mahse'f, ain't dat right?

MCMURPHY

(softly; eyes cast
down)

That's right.

As Williams leans over bench against partition, placing tube
of ointment on it:

WILLIAMS

Man, aides get killed sometimes
by loonies, so I gotta de --

He doesn't finish, but, as he straightens up from bench he
brings a roundhouse right straight up from the floor to
McMurphy's cheek, sending him staggering, almost falling
against circle of inmates, who push him back in toward the
smiling Williams. McMurphy plods slowly toward George, arms
at his sides, and gets clobbered in the neck. Again he falls
back against the circle of inmates, and again they push him
back into the arena as Williams comes at him swinging.
McMurphy dodges weakly, catches hold of Williams wrist and
ties him up while he shakes his head clear. His eyes lift
at:

HARDING

(o.s. whisper)

C'mon, Mac!

McMurphy blinks his glazed eyes, looking around at:

INMATES - MCMURPHY'S POV - SLOW PAN

The focus is blurred; the film print, milky-gray.

BIBBIT

(pleading whisper)

Mac, come on! Come on! Come -- !

AT MCMURPHY - WILLIAMS

McMurphy shakes head and his eyes clear. He looks at Williams,
then powerfully shoves him clear, puts up his fists and slowly

shuffles in toward the Aide. He has now committed himself. Throughout the following, his eyes never leave Williams'. Warren bars shower room door with his body. As McMurphy gets close to Williams, the latter steps in swiftly with two lightning blows to McMurphy's cheeks, then quickly dances out of range. His arms and legs are constantly in motion, feinting, back and forth, while McMurphy, a cut opened on his cheekbone, plods in after him, always after him. He seems in no hurry. Four or five times Williams dances in, landing punishing blows, then dances out again, until finally McMurphy has him cornered against the circle of men, and as Williams feints and darts away to side, McMurphy throws his first punch, a staggering right hook to Williams' jaw.

Now the Inmates start to cheer McMurphy on. Williams bounces off the Inmates with a flurry of blows, connecting with most of them as McMurphy refuses to back off but simply wards off as many as he can, ducking his head low behind his upraised fists and elbows, then suddenly lands another stunning right to Williams' stomach, and a devastating left hook to the jaw, sending Williams staggering sideways, the Inmates holding him from falling. Williams suddenly realizes he's in terrible trouble, throws a quick look to Warren, then starts back-pedaling before McMurphy's tank-like pursuit. With his quickness, he keeps dancing in at McMurphy, landing seven blows to McMurphy's one. McMurphy's face is bloodied but he keeps coming on, each occasional blow that he lands sending Williams staggering, each blow resounding like a lumberman's axe crackling into a giant redwood. The last hit he takes causes Williams to look fearfully to Warren with:

WILLIAMS

Warren!

McMurphy lands another staggering right. This time he doesn't stop. Like a pile-driver, with slow deliberateness; it is left! right! left!

WILLIAMS

Warren, goddam you!

A right to the stomach doubles Williams over; a left straightens him up; another right. The Inmates are in a frenzy, shouting for McMurphy to "Get him! Get him!" Warren has come running over behind McMurphy and gets a hammerlock on his neck. Williams staggers to his feet and comes in at McMurphy, starts to pound him slowly and savagely as Warren holds him helpless. McMurphy's eyes, bulging with pain, go to:

BROMDEN

spasmodically clenching and unclenching fists at sides, staring: then lowering gaze.

AT MCMURPHY - WARREN - WILLIAMS

McMurphy suddenly throws his weight backwards, pounding Warren against wall; again; and again, meanwhile taking Williams' blows. The third time we HEAR a cracking of ribs, and Warren sinks to floor in open-mouthed, silent agony. Unpinioned McMurphy snakes his arms under Williams' blows and gets him in a bear hug. He squeezes, squeezes. Williams' blows at his back grow weaker, weaker, until they cease and he starts to sink downward. The cheers of the Inmates, as they realize at last that something dreadful is happening, taper to silence. McMurphy, eyes flaring wide like a man in trance, continues to squeeze, even as we HEAR Williams' rib cage splintering.

FULL DOWN SHOT

The Inmates watch silent and immobile. Williams sinks further down, gasping. When his eyes close in unconsciousness and his head slumps over, McMurphy at last drops him, the Aide's body thudding to floor. McMurphy looks up at the Inmates.

MCMURPHY

(softly)

My treat.

INT. ELECTRO-SHOCK THERAPY ROOM - DAY

DOWN SHOT

as the massive door opens and McMurphy, handcuffed, moves in, hesitating in the doorway for a moment as he looks at the electro-shock table and Technicians stare at him. Then he walks to table and wordlessly swings up on it, lies back staring up at CAMERA. His face is swollen, bruised, and battered from his fight with Williams. The Technicians smoothly and swiftly undo his handcuffs, removes his shoes and wristwatch, lock his wrists into table clamps, then smear graphite salve at his temples. An apparatus resembling headphones is clamped over his head, and a piece of rubber hose for him to bite on inserted between his jaws. Dials on control bank are twisted, a toggle is pulled, and current crackles into McMurphy's brain. His body at first stiffens, then arches upward from the waist as his eyes bulge.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALL - DAY

AT DOOR MARKED "DISTURBED"

INT. DISTURBED DORMITORY - DAY

The CAMERA IS TRUCKING along double row of beds. Here is the true flavor of "The Snake Pit" -- INMATES howling and shouting dementedly, many in straightjackets. Some sit up in bed, staring at CAMERA as it moves by.

FIRST D.P.

(at CAMERA)

I wanta see my doctor! Where's
my doctor! Goddam bitch, where
the hell's my -- !

SECOND D.P.

(over First; at no
one in particular)

Eighty, eighty, eighty, eighty...

A THIRD sticks tongue out at CAMERA, while a FOURTH dances
into aisle in front of it, scurrying crablike, backing up as:

FOURTH D.P.

I hid 'em! Don't go lookin' for
'em! Y'ain't never gonna find
'em, I hid 'em, it ain't no use,
(halting, as CAMERA
PASSES)
I got 'em hid!

CAMERA TRUCKS to a bed, halts. On the bed is McMurphy, head
angled away from CAMERA, his face a purplish, swollen bruise,
his feeble gaze fixed on nothing, his jaw a little slack.

RATCHED'S VOICE

Mr. McMurphy?

Very slowly, McMurphy turns to CAMERA. He is having a
difficult time focusing his eyes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

disclosing Ratched at his bedside.

RATCHED

How are you feeling?

MCMURPHY

(through parched,
cracked lips; weakly;
a hoarse whisper)

Swell.

RATCHED

You'll be up and around in a
couple of days. However, you've
been scheduled for several more
treatments. Now I'd like to
avoid that. Moreover, there was
some provocation, I understand.
We discussed it all thoroughly
today at Group Meeting.

(Cont.)

RATCHED (Cont.)

(he nods)

Would you like me to cancel the treatments?

(he nods)

All I need is some justification that will weather the scrutiny of the hospital staff. Do you know what I mean?

(shakes head)

An admission of guilt and wrong-headedness, Randle, and a promise to amend your ways; a demonstration by your actions in the future of rational contact: as simple as that.

(he shakes head; she stares at him for a beat; then)

Think it over. In the meantime, is there anything I can get you?

MCMURPHY

(nods; then whispers)

My weights.

RATCHED

(leaning ear in close to his mouth)

What?

MCMURPHY

My weights. I was liftin' weights this mornin' ta try an' get the soreness outta my arms an' I must've misplaced 'em. Maybe somebody hid 'em --

Suddenly Ratched gasps, straightening up from an obvious "goose" by McMurphy. He musters a twinkly grin.

MCMURPHY

(finishing)

-- up there.

INT. DOWN SHOT - ELECTRO-SHOCK THERAPY ROOM - DAY

The Technicians are adjusting controls and table straps when door starts to slowly swing open. They stop what they are doing, staring at McMurphy as he slowly enters a pace into room and halts, head lowered slightly.

INT. EAST WING NEAR DORMITORY - DAY

Ratched emerges from a private room, wiping hypodermic needle with sterile cloth, then halts as she hears voices from dorm:

MARTONI'S VOICE

Hell, I hear that he's runnin' the place, got the Nurses runnin' dizzy.

JULES' VOICE

Heard a rumor the shock machine ain't workin'. Hooked it up to McMurphy and it blew a fuse.

BIBBIT'S VOICE

(over their laughter)

M-m-man, you just can't keep him down.

Ratched's eyes narrow contemplatively.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Frivolous Day Room activity is visible through station glass as Ratched stands over desk, opening Log Book, checks several current pages, finds them blank. She looks up, makes up her mind about something, flipping Log Book closed, then picks up phone, dials; waits; then:

RATCHED

(into phone)

E.S.T. supervisor. Thank you.

(waits; then)

Ratched. You may schedule McMurphy for another treatment tomorrow morning. Then I want him returned to the Ward immediately.

(a beat)

No, I mean immediately. As soon as he's conscious.

She hangs up, keeps hand on phone while she triumphantly considers what she has done.

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR - L.S. AT ENTRY DOOR - DAY

Blinker light is on above door, and a Student Nurse is approaching it with key; opens it; an ORDERLY wheels in McMurphy, turns him over to Nurse. She locks door, then starts to push McMurphy toward CAMERA. As they near f.g.:

MCMURPHY

Hold it!

(Cont.)

MCMURPHY (Cont.)

(Nurse stops; McMurphy,
face gaunt, pouches under
eyes a purplish black,
starts to push up from
the chair with a monumental
effort of will)

My bedsores are killin' me.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

FRONT SHOT - RATCHED

seated at desk. She checks her watch, then looks out at Day
Room, folding arms.

REVERSE ANGLE

An Aide (FOURTH AIDE) we have never seen before is dipping
clean rag into small pail of ammonia solution sitting on shelf
below open medication window; wrings it out, moves to side,
wiping at Station glass. Beyond, in the Day Room, the usual
group is playing cards.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

AT CARD PLAYERS

Harding is dealing blackjack. Addressing Bibbit:

HARDING

(imitating McMurphy's
style)

Do you hit or you sit?

Bibbit scratches for a card, and as Harding starts to lay on
one, Bibbit looks up, surprised and overjoyed:

BIBBIT

Mac!

AT MCMURPHY

crossing in front of Nurse's Station.

MCMURPHY

Hiya doin' there, buddies!

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

We are SHOOTING over Ratched as inmates come rushing up to
greet McMurphy.

MARTONI

Hey, Mac, how are ya?

MCMURPHY

I'm fit as a fiddle. They checked my plugs and cleaned my points and charged my battery.

HARDING

(taking McMurphy's hand
in both of his)
Great to see you, Mac.

MCMURPHY

(shaking all around)
The first woman that takes me on's gonna light up the sky like a neon sign.

(looking around)
Hey, where's Miss Ratched? I wanta thank her for the --

(turning toward Station,
he "inadvertently" knocks
over the pail with elbow,
its contents spilling
over Ratched's desk)
Damn Sam, I never saw that pail,
Ma'am!

(leans in arm, as if to
pick up pail)
Here, lemme --
(he halts, as she has
quickly wheeled her
chair back out of his
reach)
Still a little goosey?

INT. EAST WING CORRIDOR - AT DORM DOORS - NIGHT

As door is opened from within, we HEAR LOUD LAUGHTER, then:

BIBBIT'S VOICE

We're really gonna have a party?

MCMURPHY'S VOICE

Betchyer ass!

McMurphy emerges, calling into dorm in a loud stage whisper:

MCMURPHY

Now remember, no talkin' after
"lights." G'night, guys!

They call their "goodnights" as McMurphy waves in, smiling, then closes door. Instantly, his smile falls apart, and an almost desperate exhaustion shows in his face. He walks away from dorm with slow, difficult steps.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Bromden sits in his usual catatonic huddle on edge of bed. McMurphy wearily enters, tugs at bedcovers, has difficulty pulling them back. Bromden slowly looks up, sees his fumbling, slowly rises and pulls back McMurphy's bed covers. McMurphy nods his thanks, gets into bed, and Bromden pulls up his covers.

MCMURPHY

Better watch it. You're gettin' involved.

Bromden gets into bed just as Turkle enters with restraining sheet. As Turkle adjusts the sheet:

MCMURPHY

(eyeing Turkle)

Twelve hun'ert smackers -- my whole life's savin's. An' the brownies. Just open that door.

TURKLE

(eyes him a moment;
then back to sheet)

Ah'll see.

(finishes, walks to
door just as lights
blink out)

Nite.

Turkle exits. A bezt. And then slowly and laboriously, McMurphy climbs out of bed, moves to Bromden and begins undoing the restraining sheet.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

AT CANDY

racing to edge of room, halting, looking around. She is extremely pretty, young, fresh and vivacious, wears white T-shirt under a windbreaker, white tennis shoes and Levi pants snipped off above her knees. She spots McMurphy o.s.

CANDY

(throwing out her arms)

McMurphy!

A FULLER ANGLE

as Candy and McMurphy hasten toward each other, Candy running.

MCMURPHY

Candy!

CANDY
(as they embrace)
Oh, you damned McMurphy!

RATCHED
(sliding back window)
Would you kindly identify your
visitor, Mister McMurphy.

MCMURPHY
She's my goddam mother!
(pushes her away to
inspect her)
Hello, sweetness.
(looks around room)
Man, will yah listen ta those
catheters poppin'?

CANDY
(distressed)
Mac, you look awful.

MCMURPHY
Too much partyin'. Where the
hell's Sandy?

CANDY
She stopped in the john.
(looking around)
Where is he?

MCMURPHY
Bring the hash an' the brownies?

CANDY
And the booze.
(turning to him)
Is he really a virgin?

MCMURPHY
Would I kid ya? He's already
tried suicide twice.
(pulling her forward)
C'mon.

AT CARD TABLE
as Harding and Martoni rise. Bibbit, totally non-plussed,
hisses:

BIBBIT
(eyes on Candy)
Help me up, h-help me up! My
legs won't move!

Still looking toward the o.s. Candy, Harding and Martoni each put a hand under either of his armpits and lift him to his feet.

FRONT SHOT - CANDY AND MCMURPHY
as they come to halt before table. McMurphy smiles at Candy, then indicates o.s. Bibbit.

MCMURPHY

Him.

AT BIBBIT

Staring bug-eyed, he starts to crumple, and is pulled back up by Harding and Martoni.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Ratched's eyes are icy hatred. With one hand, she breaks a pencil in two.

INT. LATRINE - NIGHT

DOWN ANGLE - TURKLE, MCMURPHY

McMurphy leans against wall, a contemplative forefinger rubbing against lower lip as he gauges the current extent of Turkle's sobriety and potential largesse as the latter sits on a wash basin, giggling in spurts, and apparently somewhat stoned on the marijuana cigarette he is smoking. McMurphy takes cue from him, joining in his laughter, but tensely awaiting a decision of some sort.

TURKLE

Welllllllll, ah guess there ain't much harm in it.

MCMURPHY

Suuuuuuuurrre, just some music an' a coupla laughs.

TURKLE

Any drinkin'?

MCMURPHY

(taking the joint for
a puff)

That's bad?

TURKLE

Tha's bad.

(giggles compulsively
through the line)

Don't want no rowdyism.

MCMURPHY

(chuckling)

No, we sure as hell don't want
that.

TURKLE

(taking joint)

You Jewish?

MCMURPHY

What the hell kind o' question is
that?

TURKLE

I dunno. Lotta people ask me
if ah's Cuban.

McMurphy falls against Turkle, silently guffawing, and Turkle gets the giggles again.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Bromden lies in bed, head angled to side, eyes wide and staring as we HEAR from under Bromden's bed.

CANDY'S VOICE

Might've known you'd bring this
damned cheap port.

SANDRA'S VOICE

(from under McMurphy's
bed; first a giggle;
then)

Isn't this wild? I can't wait
to tell Harry.

CANDY'S VOICE

I thought you were divorcing him.

SANDRA'S VOICE

First I wanna tell him I got drunk
in a nuthouse under a Columbia
River Indian's bed -- then I'll
divorce him. How do these wild,
wild things keep happening to us?

INT. MLS AT NURSE'S STATION FROM END OF EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The SECOND CHARGE NURSE is emerging from Station with charts and clipboard, turns to lock it as we HEAR CANDY GIGGLING (o.s.) Nurse turns, looks.

SECOND CHARGE NURSE

Mr. Turkle?

(starts toward us)

Mister -- ?

She halts as we HEAR LATRINE DOOR open and:

AT TURKLE EMERGING FROM LATRINE
Striving for a look of sobriety:

TURKLE

Yes, Ma'am.

AT NURSE

SECOND CHARGE NURSE

I'm going off. The phone in the
Staff Room's out of order.

(starting away)

If you need the Night Nurse, be sure
to use the phone in the Doctor's
office. I've left it unlocked
for you.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

McMurphy, slightly smashed, is speaking into microphone and
holding bottle of wine in other hand. Romantic dance music
is piping out from tape recorder into Day Room, which is
blazing with lights, the Venetian blinds drawn at windows.

MCMURPHY

(into microphone)

Medication. Come and get your --

INT. DAY ROOM - NIGHT

MCMURPHY

-- goddam medication!

A few inmates are lurching toward medication window with glasses
as McMurphy slides back the glass and pours for them, and others
sit in little groups, chatting and laughing. Turkle is at
table, sharing a joint with Martoni. All speak in low tones as:

HARDING

(as McMurphy pours for
him)

This really isn't happening.

MCMURPHY

Buddy, it's happenin'.

HARDING
Where are the, uh -- ?

MCMURPHY
Comin'. I was waitin' for Turkle
tuh get a little blasted.
(calling)
"Turkey?"

TURKLE - MCMURPHY'S POV

TURKLE
(at McMurphy)
"Who dat say who dere when I say
who dat?"

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Here, too, the lights are blazing full. Bibbit is at door to McMurphy's room, holding it open as he beckons to someone inside to come out.

BIBBIT
C'mon out, it's okay.

Candy lurches out and into Bibbit's arms, holding him, giggling, as from within we HEAR Sandy emitting Indian war whoops.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Sandy is well-padded, young, has earthy good looks. She is wrapped in a blanket, Indian style, and wearing a makeshift headband (handkerchief), a feather (cardboard) sticking up from it. She is standing atop Bromden's chest, the latter lying in bed, befuddled, his restraining sheet undone. Candy and Bibbit are visible at door.

SANDY
(at Bromden)
Heap big chief better get the lead
out!

BIBBIT
He's d-deaf and dumb.

SANDY
(imitating Indian talk)
Bullshit, he deaf and dumb.

She pulls her blanket apart for a flashing glimpse of bare breasts evoking a childlike moan from Bromden.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Candy has hand tenderly at Bibbit's cheek.

BIBBIT
(stunned by Bromden
making any sound at all)
Hey! He talked!

CANDY
You're sweet.

INT. DAY ROOM - NIGHT

We are on McMurphy, Turkle, Martoni and Harding at table, SHOOTING toward hall. In another little area are Fredericks, Sefelt, Jules, George, pouring wine. McMurphy is munching on a brownie, as is Harding. There are others, wrapped in foil, in a box. Both MUSIC and conversation are muted.

MCMURPHY
(at Turkle, pouring
wine for him)
See, Turk? No trouble. A little
booze, a little music, an' some
laughs with the boys.

TURKLE
Real nice. Nice party.

HARDING
(reaching for brownie
box)
It's all so unreal, I must be
dreaming.

MCMURPHY
(pulling box away
from him)
That's enough.

B.g., Candy, Bibbit and Sandy, dragging Bromden by arm, enter. Martoni, Sefelt, Fredericks rise to move to them and greet them. Turkle has his back to them.

HARDING
(protesting)
But they're delicious.

MCMURPHY
Never mind, there's a reason for
your dreams.

HARDING

You -- ?

And now he sees the girls, and rises, moving to them.

HARDING

Well, well, well! Hello, my darlings!

TURKLE

Real nice party.

MCMURPHY

Yeah, no rowdies.

TURKLE

Sure be nice if there was ladies here.

MCMURPHY

(pouring more wine for him)

Sure would.

In b.g., Candy takes hold of Billy and dances close with him, and Sandy begins a war-whooping dance around Bromden, who stands, befuddled, as Harding pours a drink for him and presses it into his hand. The dance number ends and a "Go-Go" number comes on. Billy and Candy continue to dance slowly, but Sandy begins a wild "Go-Go" dance as the men standing around begin to clap hands in rhythm, urging her on. Martoni starts dancing a formal waltz with an invisible partner. During this:

MCMURPHY

You married?

TURKLE

No, suh.

MCMURPHY

Kiddies?

TURKLE

(laughs, shaking head)

You?

MCMURPHY

(shakes head; then)

I'm a loner. Oh, sure, now and then I get ta hankerin' for a family. You know how it is -- you get lonesome. But I just couldn't cut the responsibility.

(Cont.)

MCMURPHY (Cont.)
(he turns to Sandy,
starts clapping hands)
Go! Go! Go! G-!

Sandy has suddenly made a race for McMurphy and leaps into his lap, starts smooching him and biting his ear. Turkle at first smiles paternally, but then, as realization dawns on him, his eyes widen in horror; he glances at the joint between his fingers, then at Sandy.

TURKLE
Good God Almighty, Mac!

MCMURPHY
Whatsamatta?

TURKLE
McMu'phy, they's ladies here!

SANDY
(taking joint from
Turtle and puffing)
Damn right!

TURKLE
(turning and seeing Candy)
My Gawd!

SANDY
(at McMurphy, indicating
Turtle)
He a loony?

MCMURPHY
On his way.

HARDING
(has approached; at
Sandy)
May I have the pleasure?

SANDY
(getting up to dance
with him)
Sure.

TURKLE
McMu'phy, they'se ladies here!

MCMURPHY
You noticed?

TURKLE

(starts up)

My Gawd, le's turn off the
lights!

MCMURPHY

(pulling him down)

Siddown, you're hallucinatin',
"Turkey."

AT BIBBIT AND CANDY DANCING

She takes her cheek from his and kisses him tenderly on the
mouth.

INT. DAY ROOM - NIGHT

Nite-lites glow dimly. We are on Martoni, who is standing on
table, reading from several sheets of paper.

MARTONI

(reading)

"How I Spent My Summer Vacation,"
by Anthony James Martoni.

The complete text of Mr. Martoni's thought-provoking essay will
be found in the Appendix. As he continues, the CAMERA is
PULLING BACK, disclosing that, over blare of wild MUSIC from
speakers, Sandy, Harding, Jules, Sefelt and Fredericks have
formed a sort of "Conga" line, and are snaking about the room
singing, "We'll Walk Up The Avenue," while George sits in an
alcoholic daze nearby. Harding is particularly well fired.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

Candy and Bibbit are picking through file cabinet. McMurphy is trying to pry open drug cabinet doors. Turkle is stretched out on floor.

BIBBIT

All our records.

MCMURPHY

"Turkey," ain'tohya got a key
for this thing?

CANDY

(plucking out a folder)

Here's yours!

Harding appears at door to Station. It is unlocked; nevertheless, he calmly knocks out every square inch of glass in it as:

BIBBIT

(eyeing folder)

Wuh-wuh-whut's it say?

CANDY

(eyeing folder)

Says "phrenic" this and "phrenic"
that.

(tosses folder over

shoulder and snuggles)

Must've got you mixed up with
somebody else.

MCMURPHY

Dammit, couldn't ya think ta
bring some mix along for the
vodka?

HARDING

(stepping through door)

Now what is the trouble, my good
man?

MCMURPHY

Tryin' ta get at the cough syrup
ta mix with the vodka.

HARDING

You're going about it all wrong.

And with this, he drives a fist through the cabinet glass.

MCMURPHY
Never thought o' that.

HARDING
Takes training in logic, jillions
of hours of transcendental
meditation.
(at Candy and Bibbit,
kissing)
Here, here, here! None of that!
None of that!

As McMurphy opens cabinet and removes cough syrup, Harding
opens a large jar of tranquilizers, eyes label.

HARDING
Let's see, let's see, what have
we -- ? Thorazine.

MCMURPHY
(reading cough syrup
label)
Seventy percent coloring, citric
acid, artificial flavor, ten
percent codeine.

And as McMurphy nods approval at cough syrup contents and starts
to build a vodka-cough syrup highball, Harding pours tranquilize:
tablets into hand and begins sprinkling them over Bibbit and
Candy.

HARDING
I now pronounce you madly in love.
This is hybrid rice. Pretend
it's "instant."

MCMURPHY
(handing him drink)
Taste this here an' see if ya like
it.

HARDING
(as Candy leads Bibbit
gently away, Harding sips)
Needs salt.

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR - AT ENTRY DOOR - NIGHT

A mountain of filing cabinets and dressers have been piled
against it. We HEAR a THUMPING, as of tom-toms, and an Indian-
like CHANTING O.S., CAMERA PULLS BACK. Seated crossed-legged
on floor are McMurphy, Bromden, Harding and George. All are

wrapped in blankets and have devised makeshift Indian headdress. Harding and George are chanting, pounding at either wall with fists as McMurphy uses blanket to make smoke signals over a small fire blazing before him. He reaches into filing cabinet drawer and extracts some folders, tossing them onto the blaze.

INT. ISOLATION ROOM - NIGHT

Nude and in tender embrace beneath bedsheets are Candy and Bibbit. Candy's eyes are fixed upon him, shining with awe.

CANDY

(she means it)

My God, you're fantastic. I want you again.

She starts to make love to him.

INT. NORTH HALL SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR - NIGHT

FRONT TRACKING SHOT - MCMURPHY, HARDING with blankets wrapped around them. As they walk, they occasionally step over the passed-out body of an inmate. Behind them, the fire blazes, tended by George, who emits an occasional series of war whoops as:

HARDING

Old man, have you any idea what we've done?

MCMURPHY

Somethin' wrong?

HARDING

You are failing --

(pauses for a demure belch)

-- yes -- failing to comr'end the disastrous complexities of the sit --

(another belch)

-- situation. I speak of Miss Ratched.

MCMURPHY

Hell, I've already taken her biggest punch.

HARDING

I suggest you escape --

REAR TRACKING SHOT

HARDING

-- that we tie up old Turkle and have him explain that you knocked him out and used his key to escape from the ward.

From out of the East Corridor whizzes a Gurney cart, pushed by Jules, and bearing a semi-nude, Cleopatraish-posing Sandy, propped on an elbow and nibbling at a cluster of grapes she holds aloft by head. Crying "Whoopeeeeeeee!", Jules pushes her out of North Corridor and across into Day Room and out of view -- for the moment. Meantime, as Harding and McMurphy pay the phenomenon no mind:

MCMURPHY

That's so dumb it might work.

HARDING

It will.

MCMURPHY

Goin' with me?

HARDING

No. No, I think not. Not yet. I'm not ready.

They are by the Day Room now and we can see Jules pushing Sandy around in circles, and Martoni still on table, declaiming.

JULES

"Tippiccanoe and Tyler, Too!"

MCMURPHY

(halting)

What makes ya think I am?

HARDING

You've done all you can.

MCMURPHY

(puzzled by something;
a beat; then)

What is it? What happens?

HARDING

You mean us?

(McMurphy nods; Harding
sighs; then)

I could give you lots of Freudian reasons. But you want the reasons

(Cont.)

HARDING (Cont.)
for the reasons. Well, friend,
I don't know. I don't know.
Perhaps it's the world.

MCMURPHY
I live in the world.

HARDING
(as drops of moisture
begin to fall on them)
Yes, you do, but you're strong.
Although even the strong can
be set on the road that leads --
(looks around)
-- here. Something exists that
can drive you here.

MCMURPHY
What?

HARDING
(holding out palm
of hand to catch
drops; two beats;
then)
Us.
(looks up at sprinklers)
I believe that we're in for some
weather.

UP ANGLE AT SPRINKLER SYSTEM
in operation.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - ANGLE AT DOOR - DAWN

McMurphy steps in, followed by Harding.

MCMURPHY
Was it forecast? I must've
missed it on the news.

HARDING
If you're going, old man, I
suggest you go now.

ANOTHER ANGLE
as McMurphy falls wearily into desk chair. B.g., in Day Room,
Martoni is still reading his essay, and Sandy and Jules are
now singing, "Rockabye Baby" as they push an unconscious
Turkle back and forth on the Gurney cart.

MCMURPHY
We got time, we got time.

As he sleepily slides down side of wall to floor:

HARDING

I don't think so, my guru.

MCMURPHY

(eyes hazy with some
sweet reminiscence)

Wouldn't mind seein' Portland one
more time. Go by the old house.

(chuckles at some
memory)

Wonder if that dress is still up
in that tree.

(looks up at Harding)

First girl ever drug me tuh bed was
ten years old. Guess I must've
been eleven. She was wearin' a
black and yellow dress.

(starting off again)

Well, ya know, at that age a lay
seemed such a real big deal that
I asked her if she didn't think
we oughta announce it, like, oh,
say, "Mom, me and Judy got engaged
today." And I meant what I said.
Sure, I thought if you made it,
you was legally wed, right there on
the spot, whether you liked it or
not, an' that was a rule you
couldn't break. But this little
whore, she reached down for her
dress, yeah, that black and yellow
dress, and hands it t'me and says,
"Here, you can hang this up some-
place. I'll go home in my drawers
-- I'll announce it that way.
They'll get the idea."

(chuckles)

Jesus, ten years old. Well, I
waited 'til dark for a chance to
throw that goddam dress out. And
I threw it. And the wind whipped
it clear around the house. Well,
next mornin' there it was.

There is a POUNDING at Ward entry door. We HEAR WAIL of police
and FIRE ENGINE SIRENS approaching.

MCMURPHY

Well, next mornin' there it was,
caught up in the topmost branches
of a tree, it was there for all

(Cont.)

MCMURPHY (Cont.)

the town tuh look at. So my colors
were flown, and from that day to this
it just seemed like I had to live
up to my flag. Ten years old.
Bless her sweet ass, she taught me
to love.

(a beat)

A man can't strike his colors.
Don't know why -- but a man just
can't. Another one of them rules
ya just don't break.

(long beat)

Think I'll catch me some shuteye.

(turns to call through
medication window,
rising)

Hey, Sandra -- come on.

As he exits, CAMERA PUSHES CLOSE on Harding, staring fixedly
into space; then he closes his eyes.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - DAWN

McMurphy and Sandy are walking slowly, her head on his
shoulder, his arm around her. SIRENS are LOUDER, sprinklers
still functioning. They halt.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR - AT ENTRY DOOR - DAY

The debris has been cleared to side, the door broken open, and
TWO FIREMEN paw at the damp remains of the fire. We HEAR a
HUM of activity from o.s. Supervisor is picking at remaining
contents of files.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Ratched moves from outrage to outrage in her station. In Day
Room, b.g., the entire population of the Ward has been
assembled, names being ticked off a chart by Warren and
Williams.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

INMATE

(at Jules)

Whores? In the ward?

THIRD INMATE

(at Second)

Hell, that's a crock.

JULES

My word of honor!

Ratched approaches the Aides as they complete their check.

WILLIAMS

Bibbit 'n McMurphy.

RATCHED

(at Inmates)

All right, now, where are they?
Have they left the ward?

JULES

(hooting at her)

I dunno, Miss Adler.

MARTONI

(from across room)

Your sign fell down!

A hoot of laughter goes up from the Inmates.

RATCHED

(at Aides)

They're here! They're still
here! Come with me for room
check!

As CAMERA TRACKS with them, Ratched and Aides start down East Corridor, crowd of Inmates following. Harding starts to sing, "Where, Oh, Where Has My Little Dog Gone?" and the others take it up.

INT. EAST CORRIDOR - DAY

Ratched and Aides check the three private rooms, then move across to Isolation Room. Williams tries door handle.

WILLIAMS

(at Ratched)

It's locked.

She brushes by him, finds proper key, opens door.

INT. ISOLATION ROOM - AT DOOR - DAY

Ratched holds door open, standing in doorway, as Inmates crowd in behind. They stop singing. Ratched flicks on light. Laughter possesses the Inmates as Ratched stares, horrified:

AT MCMURPHY, SANDY - RATCHED'S POV

Huddled under blankets on floor, face to face, arm in arm, asleep, their clothing piled nearby. Ratched's gaze (CAMERA) flashes over to bed, where Bibbit and Candy are similarly occupied, although Candy lifts head, shielding eyes from glare of light. CAMERA flashes back to McMurphy and Sandy.

AT RATCHED

She stares at McMurphy and Sandy, eyes flaring madly, sweat forming on brow, veins in neck popping, as Inmates buzz and laugh behind her at door.

RATCHED

(intense whisper)

McMurphy, how could you!

JULES

(to First Inmate)

Was I lyin'?

RATCHED

(louder; fury and a
note of anguish)

How could you?

CANDY'S VOICE

Billy?

Ratched turns her gaze swiftly to:

BIBBIT AND CANDY

Bibbit is sitting up, eyes clouded with sleep. CAMERA PUSHES IN on them, then stops. HUM and CHUCKLING of Inmates o.s. CAMERA STOPS.

RATCHED'S VOICE

(coldly)

William Bibbit!

BIBBIT

(unperturbed)

Good mornin', Miss Ratched.

(takes Candy's hand,
grins)

This is Candy.

SANDY'S VOICE

Red, wake up!

ANOTHER ANGLE

to include Ratched at end of bed, and Sandy and an awakening McMurphy in b.g. Inmates move partway into the room.

RATCHED

Oh, Billy, Billy, Billy, I'm so
ashamed for you.

HARDING

You can tell he's terribly dis-
traught.

Another howl of laughter from the Inmates. Both Bibbit and
Candy are still quite calm, still sleepy and somewhat drunk,
and are fumbling about and to side of bed for their clothing.
Ratched's glance darts to McMurphy as he sits up and rubs
his eyes. She turns back to Bibbit. But it is McMurphy
who is the target of her next line.

RATCHED

Oh, Billy! A woman like this!
A cheap! Low! Painted -- !

HARDING

Hooker?

MCMURPHY

(hung over)
Holy Toledo, is it mornin'?
(at Ratched)
Hiya, Nurse. Just juice an'
black coffee.

A swell of laughter.

MCMURPHY

An' give Billy some eggs.

Another howl of laughter, during which Ratched shuts her eyes
tight in concentration, mustering her will, her best effort.
When she opens them again they are small and still.

RATCHED

(her tone metallic)
What worries me, Billy, is how
your poor mother is going to take
this.

At last, she has penetrated. Billy flinches. The Inmates,
too, sense the moment is too deadly for laughter.

RATCHED

You know how she is when she gets
disturbed, Billy, how ill she can
become. The poor, poor dear is
so terribly sensitive about you,
Billy. And so, so proud. She --

BIBBIT

(shaking head; begging,
mouth working)

Nuh-nuh! Nuh! You d-don't nuh-
nuh-nuh-nuh-nuh-need!

RATCHED

Oh, Billy, your mother and I are
old friends.

BIBBIT

(shaking head, terrified,
backing against wall)

No! Nuh-nuh-no!

RATCHED

Now, Billy --

She touches his shoulder and it shakes him like a blow.
Candy stares at Bibbit, frightened and horrified by his
performance.

BIBBIT

Duh-duh-duh-duh-don't tell,
Miss Ratched!

RATCHED

But I have to, Billy.

AT MCMURPHY, SANDY

McMurphy is putting on shirt, one eye on Bibbit and Ratched.

SIMULTANEOUSLY

MCMURPHY

(at Sandy)

Reach me my shorts, there.

(shaking head)

Jesus Christ!

RATCHED'S VOICE

I hate to believe you'd
behave like this, but what
else am I to think? I find
you alone and undressed on
a mattress with this sort
of woman.

AT RATCHED, BIBBIT, CANDY

BIBBIT

No! I d-didn't!

(pointing to Candy)

Sh-sh-she did it!

CANDY

(dismayed)

Billy!

RATCHED

She couldn't have pulled you in here forcibly, Billy. Understand me, I'd like to believe something else, dear, if only for your mother's sake. She --

CANDY

(at Ratched)

What the hell is it with you?

(looking to McMurphy)

Hey, who's this bitch?

BIBBIT

Sh-sh-she did it! Her! Her and McMurphy!

ANOTHER ANGLE

BIBBIT

Him! A-and Harding! And M-m-Martoni! And th-th-th-th-the rest! They t-teased me, Miss Ratched, c-c-called me things! They m-made me, Miss Ratched! Puh-puh-puh-puh-puh-please, they may-may-may-MAY -- !

She stems the flow by gently pulling his head into her stomach. He weeps into her uniform. Ratched turns a contemptuous look upon the inmates.

RATCHED

It's all right, Billy. It's all right. No one else is going to harm you.

CANDY

No one -- ?!

RATCHED

(silences Candy with a look)

It's all right. I'll explain to your mother.

(she drapes sheet over him, assists him up)

Now come with me. You can wait in the doctor's office and we'll get it all straightened out.

The mass of Inmates parts for them as she leads Bibbit out, the latter's head bowed.

RATCHED

You poor, poor baby. Poor, poor boy.

AT MCMURPHY

with head bowed.

MCMURPHY

You an' Candy get outta here.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Flinn is picking up broken glass and file folders. Ratched is on phone. Inmates are in Day Room, despondent. Spivey is hastening toward Nurse's Station, eyeing damage to door before entering. During this:

RATCHED

(into phone)

No, the physical damage is minimal. The loss of the records, however, is disastrous. If --

(sees Spivey)

Hold it.

(at Spivey)

Have you seen Billy Bibbit? He's in your office. I think you should speak with him, Doctor, he needs a great deal of sympathy. He's been through a terrible, terrible ordeal.

SPIVEY

What -- ?

RATCHED

Comfort him, Doctor. I'll be there in a minute.

(he nods, leaves;
into phone)

Sorry.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

REAR SHOT - SPIVEY

walking to his office. He enters. A moment later he appears at door, shouting toward CAMERA:

SPIVEY

Nurse! Good Lord, Nurse!

REVERSE ANGLE

as Ratched rushes from Station, and races for Spivey's office, followed by Warren and Williams, who appear from East corridor.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

SLOW PAN INMATES

as all stare toward McMurphy who is clad only in his black shorts. They do not move; have the attitude of men awaiting something expected and inevitable. So, finally, appears McMurphy, sitting in overstuffed chair, eyes fixed on a point in space as he toys with deck of cards. We HEAR his WATCH TICKING.

FULL HIGH SHOT

No one moves. We HEAR the WATCH TICKING. A full fifteen seconds pass. Then Ratched appears, moves slowly to McMurphy.

AT RATCHED, MCMURPHY

RATCHED

He cut his throat.

(McMurphy doesn't move
or look up)

He opened the doctor's desk
and found some instruments and
cut his throat.

(still no response)

He's there now -- in the doctor's
chair -- with his throat cut.

(McMurphy, still does
not look up)

First Charles Cheswick and now
William Bibbit. I hope you're
finally satisfied. Gambling
with human lives!

She turns and walks to Nurse's station, enters.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

AT MCMURPHY

His wrist watch TICKS LOUDLY. He sits immobile. The CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS UP to a HIGH SHOT. The Inmates are immobile, watching McMurphy. Abruptly, the TICKING CUTS OUT. Slowly and laboriously, like a man embarking upon a hard but necessary duty, McMurphy rises, hitches up his black shorts as though they were horsehide chaps, and moves to Nurse's Station.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

As McMurphy enters, Ratched looks up, then suddenly turns as he advances. She rises. He rips apart the blouse of her uniform,

her slip, exposing her bare breasts. She screams. And, still with that look of aman performing an onerous but routine duty, he seizes her throat with his hands and begins to strangle her. She struggles to no avail, falling to floor; McMurphy atop her. Running feet outside in the halls. Spivey, Aides, Student Nurses race to the scene, stand paralyzed for several moments, then burst into the Station, pulling at McMurphy. At the last moment, as they pull him off her and he is lost in a sea of bodies and arms, he emits a cry, a sound of cornered-animal hate and fear and surrender.

FULL AT RATCHED

on floor. We still HEAR McMurphy's o.s. cry. Eyes closed, Ratched still has hands to neck, as if McMurphy were still at her throat, and her body is writhing as if in the act of love as:

RATCHED

(intense, passionate
whisper)

Yes!...Yes!...Yes!...Yes!...

Y -- !

AT INMATES STARING INTO STATION

at Ratched, the latter in f.g. of this LOW UP ANGLE.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

It is fully restored to order. At filing cabinet is a Japanese Nurse (NURSE NAKAMURA). She looks up through station glass and sees Ward entry door opening, Ratched entering with her usual wicker bag

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

Harding, Martoni, Jules, Fredericks, and Sefelt are playing blackjack. Harding imitates McMurphy's spiel.

HARDING

(dealing)

Hey-a, hey-a, come on suckers,
the game is twenty-one, you hit
or you sit! Hit, the sucker
says, comin' at you! Tough luck,
baby! Come on, next, I'm waitin'.
Whups, he hits, a ten, too bad,
and the dealer drags it.

(at Martoni)

The smoke house is empty and the
dealer's baby needs new opera
pumps. Whatchya do?

MARTONI
(distracted; wakes up)
What say?

HARDING
Whatchya do? Do ya hit or ya
sit?

MARTONI
(checking down card)
I dunno. Wasn't payin' any mind.

HARDING
Well, pay some mind.

MARTONI
If we only knew where they got
him.

JULES
Ya know what a guy at the swimmin'
pool told me? He says McMurphy
clobbered two aides and took their
keys away and escaped.

FREDERICKS
(hopefully)
That sounds like Mac.

HARDING
(at Jules)
Pray tell, what ward was your
informant from?

JULES
Disturbed.

HARDING
Yes, highly realiable. And
someone told me that he'd
sprouted wings and was last
seen soaring in lazy circles
overhead, cheerily defecating
on the hospital.

MARTONI
(open-mouthed)
Honest?

SEFELT
(staring toward
Nurse's Station)
Hey, look, it's Ratched! She's
back!

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

Nurse Nakamura is gathering up her personal equipment. Ratched's left eye is puffed and closed, her face bruised, bloated blue, and a heavy bandage is wrapped around her throat.

NAKAMURA

(exiting)

Hope you feel better.

Ratched waves her goodbye and sits at desk, looks up to see Harding at Station window. She slides it back.

HARDING

How are you feeling?

(Ratched points to throat)

Can't talk?

(she shakes head)

Pity. Where's Mr. McMurphy?

She considers a moment, then takes a notepad, writes something on it, hands it to Harding. He reads:

INSERT: HARDING'S HANDS HOLDING NOTE THAT READS:

"HE WILL BE BACK."

BACK TO SCENE

HARDING

Are you sure?

(no response)

Are you positive?

She takes pad again, writes another note, hands it to him.

INSERT: HANDS HOLDING NOTE READING:

"IF I WEREN'T POSITIVE, I WOULDN'T SAY SO."

BACK TO SCENE

as Harding tears the note into little scraps of paper and throws them through window onto Ratched's face.

HARDING

Lady, I think you're full of bullshit.

He walks away.

AT CARD TABLE

as Harding returns to group and sits down, picks up cards to reshuffle.

MARTONI

What did she say?

HARDING

Well, our conversation was a wee bit spotty. But then, when you're told that you're full of bullshit, what kind of effective written comeback can you make?

(realizes something;
pushes cards toward
Sefelt)

Here, I think it's your deal.

INT. NORTH CORRIDOR - SHOOTING FROM DOOR - DAY

Nurse is approaching us, readying door key.

ANGLE FROM BLACKNESS OUTSIDE DOOR

Williams pulls open door, and a Nurse pushes in a wheelchair a few paces, halts, leaves FRAME. Williams stares at the bandaged figure in the chair.

WILLIAMS

Well, looka who's back.

INT. DAY ROOM - DAY

AT GAMES CABINET

Harding walks into SHOT, putting cards into cabinet. Suddenly, he freezes as the low HUM of CONVERSATION O.S. abruptly ceases. He has a horrible premonition; turns to look.

AT MCMURPHY

in wheelchair, being pushed to the Chronic section of the Day Room by Williams. Aide turns his chair around, facing out, and exits SCENE as CAMERA PUAHSES IN FULL on McMurphy. His skull is bandaged; under his eyes, purplish bruises. He is a drooling idiot.

FULL SHOT INMATES STARING AT MCMURPHY

AT MCMURPHY

as a thin trickle of saliva runs down side of mouth.

AT RATCHED WRITING AT DESK

She lifts a covert, triumphant glance to McMurphy, then back to her desk.

AT HARDING

CAMERA TRACKS FRONT with him as, eyes fixed on McMurphy, he moves to games table, sits. Martoni is at table, staring at McMurphy.

ANGLE AT GAMES TABLE

with McMurphy visible b.g. between Harding and Martoni, who sit opposite one another.

MARTONI

(horrified whisper)

Jesus, look at him!

HARDING

(staring down at table,
hands clasped before
him)

Who?

MARTONI

McMurphy!

HARDING

(two beats; then)

There's nobody there.

AT MCMURPHY

Sefelt slowly walks into FRAME, looks down at him.

SEFELT

(a whisper)

Mac?

(no response)

Mac!

No response. Sefelt slowly turns and walks away, as CAMERA comes TIGHT on McMurphy.

AT BROMDEN

sitting in chair, staring at McMurphy. And now we see what Bromden sees: not McMurphy as he is, but a series of STILLS of McMurphy in boisterous and triumphant moments during his stay at the hospital. They CLICK on and off the screen like color slides. The last one depicts McMurphy precisely as he is now.

INT. HOSPITAL AT WARD ENTRY DOOR - DAY

From within, Ratched opens door, disclosing Harding in civilian dress, suitcase in hand. He stares at the blackness before him for several beats, seems to be mustering his will. Then steps out, and out of view. Ratched stares after him for a beat; coldly. Then savagely hurls the door closed.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Bromden is in bed, restraining sheet over him. Willie is gathering up McMurphy's belongings as Student Nurse strips the bed.

WILLIE

How come?

STUDENT NURSE

Miss Ratched's orders. Guess she wants him where everyone else can see him.

Willie and Nurse exit as CAMERA PUSHES in on Bromden.

STUDENT NURSE'S VOICE

God, I'm glad I'm not involved.

INT. DORMITORY - DAY

HIGH FULL SHOT

as the Inmates sleep. CAMERA SLOWLY DESCENDS to McMurphy. He is on his back, eyes staring vacuously up at ceiling.

SERIES OF CUTS OF VARIOUS INMATES LYING ON SIDES, AWAKE, WAITING.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Bromden is twisting and heaving powerfully, snaps the bonds of his restraining sheet, slowly rises and moves to door.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

Over Second Chair Nurse, working at desk, we see Bromden (through Station rear glass) emerge from his room and move toward Dormitory.

INT. DORMITORY - AT DOORS - NIGHT

Bromden rounds corner, approaches slowly, steadily. He halts at doors, looks around dorm, sees what he's looking for.

HIGH SHOT DORMITORY

Bromden stares at McMurphy. Then he slowly moves to his bed, sits on McMurphy's bedside as several of the Inmates sit up in bed and turn to look.

AT BROMDEN, MCMURPHY

We HEAR GEESE overflying the hospital as Bromden simply stares, unmoving and fixedly at McMurphy. Perhaps fifteen seconds elapse. Then Bromden moves. Slowly, and never taking his

eyes from McMurphy's face, he gently slips the pillow out from under McMurphy's head -- pauses -- then presses it down over his face, smothering him. McMurphy's body instinctively struggles for life, flailing and jerking. Gradually, the movement subsides. And when he knows McMurphy is dead, Bromden slowly turns to stare at:

SEVERAL INMATES - BROMDEN'S POV
grouped at foot of McMurphy's bed, soundlessly watching.

AT BROMDEN, MCMURPHY

BROMDEN

He's -- free.

The CAMERA begins to ASCEND to a FULL SHOT. The men are frozen in tableau. An AIDE comes to door of room, rushes to examine the situation, sees enough, then races out of room and down the corridor. During the above, a poignant rendering of McMurphy's song has crept into SCORING, and Bromden has turned again to look down at McMurphy as the fog slips away from the windows and the light of a full moon shines in, geese flying across.

AIDE'S VOICE

Nurse! Nurse!

EXT. NIGHT SKY SHOT AT MOON

Geese fly across it, silhouetted; honking as we:

FREEZE THE FRAME

SUPERIMPOSE: "THE END"